THE ELECTIONS—AND AFTER

NC November 1, 1956 25¢

Tragedy of Hatred: the Arab Refugees (page 31)

THE REPORTER

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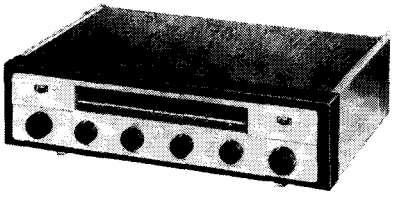

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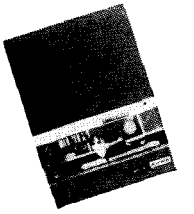

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Pie in Whose Skies?

For Republican leaders, it seems, the unforgivable thing about Adlai Stevenson's proposal to stop testing H-bombs by international agreement is that it threatens the security of the Republican campaign ticket. It is flatly assumed by them that the Governor could have had no purpose in offering his plan except to cash in on the prevailing peace sentiment, much as General Eisenhower rode to victory in 1952 on a promise to go to Korea.

It seems to us and to many others, judging from the public reaction, that the mere possibility that these blasts are genetically dooming future generations is at least a legitimate subject for public discussion. But even if Mr. Stevenson had only the most ulterior purposes in mind—and it should be noted that he advanced this idea as long ago as last April—the Republican response has been dismally lacking in statesmanship, not to mention logic or political sensitivity.

Replying to Stevenson's preliminary remarks on the subject, the President issued a statement on October 5 in which he made the points that testing atomic weapons was "an indispensable part of our defense program" and that even though we might know when other nations exploded a bomb in violation of an agreement, such a test would have been preceded by many months of research and preparation. "By the time we had such knowledge," said the President, "our present commanding lead in the field of nuclear weapons could be reduced or even overtaken."

Actually all the agreeing countries could, and doubtless would, proceed with research and preparation in any case, stopping just short of testing, so that if one of them broke the agreement, the others would be instantly ready to fire their own tests. But the President did not go into that possibility. Indeed, he seemed singularly unwilling to talk about the matter at all, and following Stevenson's Seattle speech of October 9, the President blandly announced that concerning the draft and atomic testing, he had spoken his "last words."

It did not turn out to be the last—not for him and not for his colleagues. Vice-President Nixon said the Democratic nominee was "playing dangerous politics with American security" and warned that we would all be "taking a fearful risk" if we elected him. Secretary of State Dulles suggested that those who lacked the secret data possessed by the Administration could hardly know their way around the subject and, by implication, should hold their tongues. And Thomas E. Dewey condemned the Stevenson proposal as "an invitation to national suicide."

To none of these gentlemen did it seem to occur that Mr. Stevenson was offering above all a willingness to seek a way out of a terrifying progression from superbomb to super-superbomb. Neither did it occur to them, apparently, that what they were offering in return was a sterile policy of hush-hush, nothing-can-be-done, and Pentagon-knows-best. Whether or not Stevenson's motives were political, the response of the Republicans has been blatantly so.

As for the President, after his "last words" he had many other things to say. He stated, for instance, that "the choice is one between hard sense and experience versus pie-in-the-sky promises and wishful thinking." Out of respect for his office, we wish he had stuck to his original decision and said no more. Has there ever been any taller pie in the sky than his "open skies" inspection proposal?

Exportable Statesmen

Something is happening in Poland, as evidenced by the recent Poznan trials, the dismissal from the Cabinet of the Stalinist First Deputy Premier Hilary Minc, and the imminent reinstatement of former party chief Wladyslaw Gomulka, a Tito-like independent who was banned and jailed seven years ago upon Moscow's order.

What may be far more significant than these official strains and shifts within is that a shake-up appears to be proceeding also in official Polish attitudes toward the West in general and the United States in particular.

The other day an article in the régime's organ, *Po Prostu,* by an editor returning from a tour of the West, remarked that "We should reconsider our evaluation of the Marshall Plan . . . We . . . used to write that it was a colonization of western Europe which would bring about industrial regression on the one side and impoverishment of the masses on the other. Such statements are contrary to the truth." The plan had done wonders for Europe, he said. "So far we have tried to prove the superiority of socialism over capitalism by means of the tempo of increase in industrial productivity. . . . We will not achieve successes in

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peaceful competition, and . . . we will not satisfy our own community, if the higher tempo of production is not followed by a higher standard of living, industrial modernization, better housing conditions, and better organization of work."

Edmund Osmanczyk, another official commentator, reporting to Radio Warsaw from Washington, declared that while the American public was predominantly "petty-bourgeois," "apolitical," and ill informed about the world, it was dominated today by one impulse, "the desire to maintain peace." In this, Osmanczyk said he recognized "some humanistic considerations."

A third item, carried on the Polish national radio in mid-October, cited an exchange of notes in which the U.S. government had invited Poland to send observers to watch the coming elections here and the Polish government had replied that while it didn't wish to do just that, it would like to see a general exchange between our countries in many fields. Poland would desire, said commentator Alicja Zawadzka, in view of its "great and lively interest in the various spheres of life in the United States," not only to establish scientific and cultural contacts but also to exchange parliamentary delegations, which "also plays a key role in the establishment of closer relations . . ."

All this is both meaningful and exciting. The only thing that worries us concerns the exchange of parliamentary delegations. We certainly have plenty of parliamentarians who can represent our nation at its best. But it just so happens that some of our professional seasonal junketeers are people like Senators Ellender and Malone. Somebody ought to start preparing a list of exportable parliamentarians.

Our Bill Mauldin

Just across the Hudson River, thirty-four-year-old William Henry Mauldin, otherwise known as Bill Mauldin and famed to millions of wartime G.I.s as the creator of the two tired "dogfaces," Willie and Joe, is running for Congress on the Democratic ticket in New York's Twenty-Eighth District. The constituency extends from the exurban retreat of New City, refuge of artists and writers, including Mr. Mauldin, to the rolling pasturelands and dairy barns of Delaware County.

If anyone thinks it incongruous that a prominent writer and cartoonist should seek to represent dairy farmers, it also seems a trifle odd that today they find themselves represented by a leader of the social set of Tuxedo Park, Mrs. Katharine St. George.

Mr. Mauldin is covering the highways and byways of the district by Piper plane and beat-up jeep, both of which he pilots. "Willie and Joe" buttons abound. Small-town juke boxes suddenly give forth singing commercials for the Democratic contender. Perhaps most unusual of all, his personal manager is his winsome mother-in-law—a role never before essayed in American politics, according to our records, by mothers-in-law. Perhaps it is not as strange as all that. After all, every candidate must find in his campaign manager a sort of mother-in-law.

Happy, Happy Birthday, Ike

The citizens we saw on our TV screen had come, the announcer said in hushed tones, "from all walks of life." It was an "unrehearsed, spontaneous" citizens' meeting. There was the fellow who had won $32,000 on a TV quiz show and wore cufflinks the shape of Texas. He said Vice-President Nixon had made a wonderful record and he wanted to ask President Eisenhower what sort of man Mr. Nixon *really* was ("Mr. Nixon is a man—first of all you know he is young . . ."). Then there was the woman—just plain home folks—who had put an ad in the New York subways listing the Ten Commandments. She asked how we could get spiritual guidance into our schools.

It was an occasion for good, relaxed talk about anything that came to mind, and if anybody was a little vague or imprecise, who was to care? Like the good pastor from Chicago who treasured the President's home life and only requested ". . . Will you be an Ambassador of good will to all the homes in America so that we can be one Nation indivisible?" *(Applause)* The President said he would try.

Of course there is always some duffer who wants to get specific. Take the Navy commander who didn't think much of overseas housing for Armed Forces families. The President: "Well, first of all, commander, the big thing to do is to get things straightened out so we can bring our troops and our services home and have them stationed at home. That is the best answer to this whole thing. Maybe we can't bring them all . . ."

NEXT DAY we celebrated his birthday, obeying the instructions in the folder sent us from the Ike Day Committee. There was a scroll for us to sign expressing our appreciation for the President's leadership, and pledging to vote on November 6. We didn't have to mention whom we would vote for because this celebration, sponsored by the Republican and Citizens for Eisenhower Committees all over the country, was strictly nonpartisan.

But the folder told us all about how to conduct our "spontaneous" tribute to the President. It included five press releases with blanks to be filled in and sent to our local newspaper. One of the releases told how we had gotten a letter from Mamie Eisenhower enclosing Ike's favorite cake recipe. As a "thought starter" our folder showed us how to decorate the cake by sticking buttons made of candy all over it and inscribing on top "Happy Birthday to a Guy With All His Buttons, Our Ike."

GYPSIES GYPPED

"Moscow Tells Them to Stop Roaming or Spend Time in Corrective "Camps"—New York Times

Gypsy, burn your caravan,
And mount a shining tractor—
The idleness of roving man
Is an anarchic factor.

There's danger to the Soviet
In those who freely wander;
They set collective hearts to fret
And, fretting, time to squander.

Gypsy, gypsy, mend your ways
Or face the wrath of judges;
Your sentence is a life of days
Spent usefully, with drudges.

—SEC

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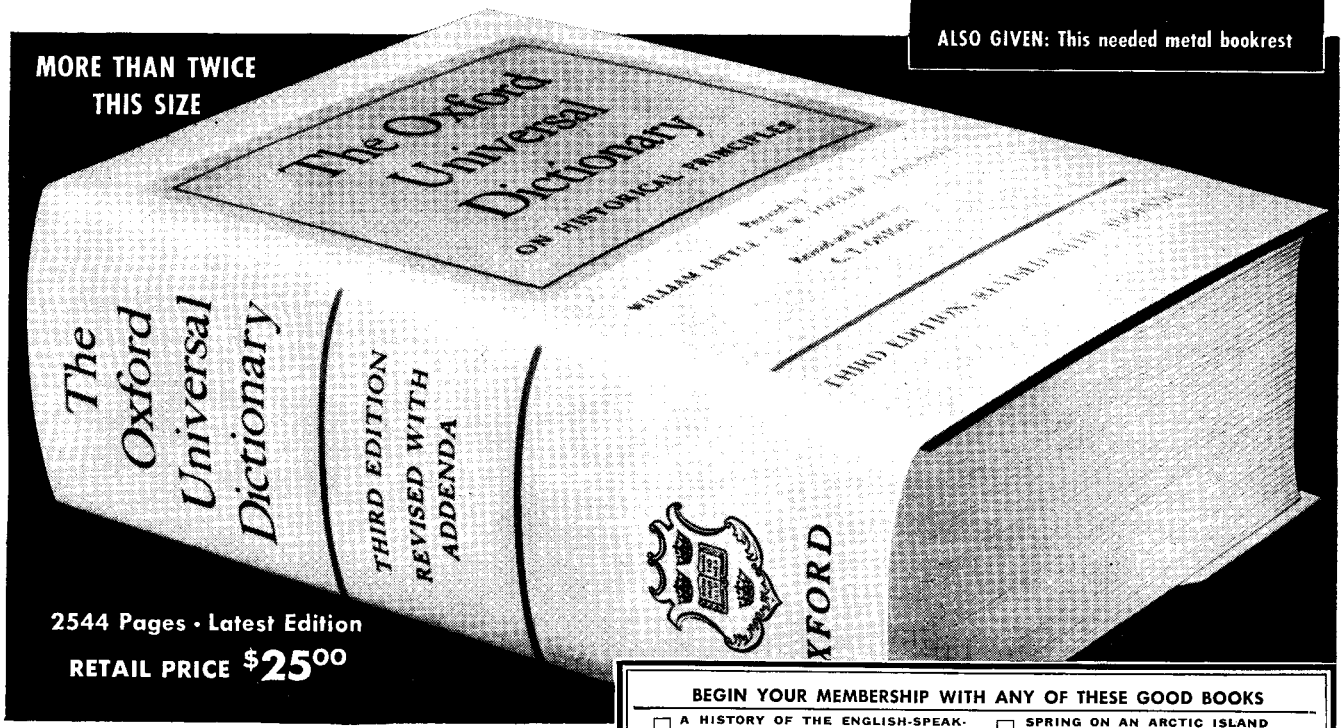

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CORRESPONDENCE

THIRD FORCE

To the Editor: Your editorial "Peace—the Forbidden Issue," in the October 18 issue, is brilliant. It is particularly heartening to have so respected and widely read a commentator point to European unity as a means for "containment of both the Soviet Union and the United States" and to suggest that there is a kind of "neutrality"—some have called it Third Campism—which may be not only politically useful but even Christian.

I agree that if such a development as this takes place in western Europe, "our European Allies are going to ask us please to leave the Continent, taking with us bases, atomic gadgets, massive retaliation and all." I hope you are correct in the surmise that the day when this will happen is "coming fast."

As your analysis presumably suggests, a united and "neutralist" Europe will be able to contain both modern Leviathans, not because it is an atomically armed power state like them and therefore will be playing the Soviet Union and the United States off against each other, selling its military might in the last analysis to one or other. This, incidentally, would be precisely Orwell's pattern in *1984* of three vast blocs in permanent war against each other. United and "neutralist" Europe—and why not also a goodly number of Asian and African countries?—would be a "force," but also a new kind of force.

A. J. Muste
New York

(I am glad to see that the Reverend Mr. Muste agrees with me, but I cannot entirely agree with his agreement.—M.A.)

STEVENSON AND THE DRAFT

To the Editor: I was deeply disappointed and angered to read your Note "On Ending the Draft" (*The Reporter*, September 20). I seriously doubt that you heard or read Stevenson's speech. It sounded more as if you had read the headlines and drew exactly the conclusion the Republican newspaper publishers wanted the public to draw.

You accuse Stevenson of being politically "smart." Consider the audience where the speech was made—the convention of the American Legion! A crafty politician would better have urged continued and universal compulsory military training when speaking to such a group, many of whom, no doubt, regard a hitch in the service as the best thing that could happen to an American boy.

Now consider what Stevenson said:

"We can now anticipate the possibility—*hopefully but responsibly—that within the* foreseeable future we can maintain the military forces we need without the draft.

"I want to say two things about this prospect.

"First, I trust that the parties will reject resolutely any thought of playing politics with this issue which strikes as closely into every American home as the Korean War did in 1952, and is susceptible to the same political exploitation."

(No doubt he had in mind Eisenhower's "Bring the Boys Home from Korea by Replacement with Korean Troops" proposal. Considering the time, it was an impossibility; but politically, it was brilliant.)

"Second, I think it is the national will, *shared equally by every American—candi*date or voter, Democrat or Republican—that the draft be ended at the earliest possible moment consistent with the national safety."

Stevenson did not, as some of the headlines proclaimed, URGE IMMEDIATE END OF DRAFT. He merely voiced feeling and reason that a continued draft and the resultant waste of human resources and disruption of the lives of youths in peacetime is not in the best interests of, or in keeping with, the traditions of America.

On September 19, Eisenhower, in a television address, stole Stevenson's thunder by first criticizing his stand and then repeating much the same thoughts. Ike's speech, together with the type of reporting done on Stevenson's, I'm afraid adds up to a serious setback for the Democrats.

Yes, speak out. But bear in mind the enormous responsibility you carry as one of the few liberal publications in America.

With expanded reserves and increased employment of civilians to perform the nonmilitary functions, the prospect of ending the draft makes enough sense that it does not deserve to be dismissed so lightly.

Joseph R. Marks
Richmond, California

UNION RACISM ON THE RUN

To the Editor: I read Henry L. Trewhitt's "Southern Unions and the Integration Issue" (*The Reporter*, October 4) with much interest.

It is a good piece of reporting. On the whole, however, it reflects the situation as it was shaping up last spring, mainly in the period extending from March to June. Since that time, the tension over the racial issue in the South has shown signs of considerable relaxation.

On the labor side, the efforts of Elmer Brock and others to split union ranks in the South have failed to win substantial support in union ranks. His much-publicized rally called to convene in the Municipal Auditorium in Birmingham on July 21, for the declared purpose of favoring a "Southern Confederation of Labor," attracted only a handful of people and came to nothing. In this and a number of other situations, *the bulk of unionists in the South have turned* a cold shoulder to attempts to split union ranks there.

In our work to further the AFL-CIO policy on civil rights, we are getting excellent cooperation of our affiliates and are making good progress.

Boris Shishkin
Director
Department of Civil Rights, AFL-CIO
Washington

FROM 'THE KID' HIMSELF

To the Editor: I deem it particularly appropriate to express my unqualified appreciation for Mr. Saul Bellow's article "A Talk with the Yellow Kid" (*The Reporter*, September 6). The subject matter, some of my escapades as the "Yellow Kid," was masterfully portraited, and the narratives set forth were authentic in the main. Those who read the story were of the same opinion.

I beg to remain,

J. R. Weil
Chicago

CONCERNING THE CAUDILLO

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's "Magic Casements Open for the Caudillo" (*The Reporter*, October 4) is in my opinion a little unfair to both Spain and that gentleman.

From 1952 until last year I ran a small language school in Madrid. My pupils included members of the Falange and Ministers of General Franco's government, all of whom I remember for the freedom with which they discussed their country's politics and the realistic picture they had of themselves and the rest of the world. When U.S. officials began arriving in Madrid in numbers, many came to me to learn the language. I remember *them mainly because of the fear most of them* expressed at engaging in any form of political discussion at all.

I have no particular ax to grind. It does seem to me, however, that this mania as regards Spain is a little absurd. Why are *poverty, political restriction, and govern*mental corruption only evil when practiced by states of which the democracies do not approve? I read so many of these so-called objective articles about Spain that I wonder if a little subjectivity might not be a good idea for a change.

Anthony Wood
New York

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's excellent article reminds us of something we tend to forget these days: that just because somebody is anti-Communist it doesn't inevitably follow that he is a hero of all those things which are right and noble in this world.

Mercedes Ibanez de Vildosola
New York

COVERS

To the Editor: Al Blaustein is to be congratulated for his sensitive cover of September 20. He has captured some of the mystery of the East with his deceptively simple technique.

Shirley Brown
Rochester, New York

To the Editor: The cover on the October 18 issue by Justin Murray surpasses anything I have ever seen to date, and I'm seventy-four years of age.

Carrie B. Eckles
Descanso, California

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What was his philosophy?

"BEETHOVEN never failed to say Yes to life," wrote Howard Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, "and the *Ninth Symphony* is his most glorious affirmation. He had walked through the dark valley of despair from the time in his early thirties when he knew that he, of all people, a musician, was beginning to lose his hearing. He had put his agony into words in 1802, when he wrote a testament... in which he spoke of suicide and said farewell to his relatives and friends. But the deepest source of his nature had been a will to live and a determination to 'seize fate by the throat,' and from that source came his music."

THE CONSENSUS among musicians is that the *Ninth Symphony* represents Beethoven's "final passionate testament of faith." What was – what *is* – that testament? Just how did he go about presenting it in musical terms?

A RECENT RELEASE of *Music-Appreciation Records* gives a moving explanation of this glorious work. It is done by *Thomas Scherman*, distinguished young conductor who is the musical director of *Music-Appreciation Records*. He shows how the first movement presents and develops "the sense of doom and despair, inspired by Man's helplessness before a vast and blind fate," and then how Beethoven wins through ultimately to a joyous, even ecstatic, acceptance of life. In the last movement, most interestingly, he unmistakably rejects all other philosophies. No matter how much one is stirred emotionally by this great music, plainly Beethoven's message is lost without basic guidance such as this.

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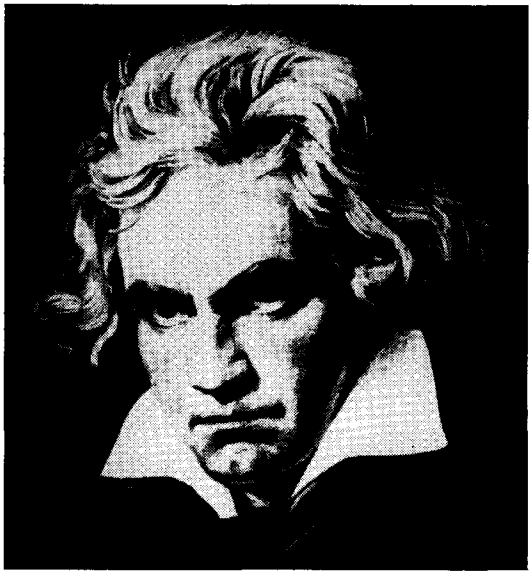

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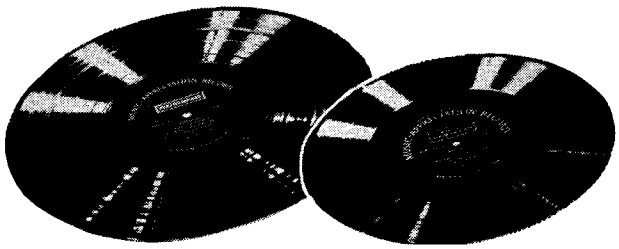

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS last issue to appear before the elections we take a final look at the campaign in general and at some of its regional aspects. **Max Ascoli's** editorial states why we are for Adlai Stevenson. There is not much use, we think, in commenting on public affairs unless, when the time comes when all citizens must make a choice and a decision, the commentator is prepared to make public his own. The only difference is that no secrecy of the voting booth surrounds him.

Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** analyzes that new vigor in the Democratic Party which first showed itself only a few months after the Republican victory of 1952. Even in 1952 the Democrats had the edge in the popular vote for the House of Representatives. **James A. Maxwell,** a free-lance writer from Cincinnati and a frequent contributor to *The Reporter*, writes about the Senatorial contest in Illinois. That contest is characterized by the smell of scandal and by the syrupy oratory of the Republican candidate. Scandals are no novelty in Illinois state politics—and neither party has a corner on them. Senator Dirksen's recent mutations are no novelty either: A vigorous internationalist while a member of the House, he went to the Senate as a Chicago *Tribune* isolationist. Yet it must be said that Dirksen's national reputation is probably a product of TV. After all, not many people outside Illinois would know much about him were it not for that admonishing finger he pointed at Tom Dewey in the Republican convention of 1952.

What TV can do to and for politicians is discussed by **Eric Sevareid.** The campaign in Idaho is reported by **Joe Miller** of Seattle. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** gives an eyewitness account of the strange convention held in Richmond, Virginia, at which the states' righters—those American Poujadists—held forth.

Paul Jacobs this time contributes an article he was not happy to write or we to publish—but what he says in it happens to be true. It is precisely because we are friends of labor that we do not think discussion of what is wrong with it should be left to the Peglers. **William D. Rogers,** a Washington, D. C., attorney, reports on Republican trust busting.

THE REPEATEDLY argued question of the admission of Red China to the United Nations will come up again at the next session of the U.N. General Assembly. Will the United States and the United Kingdom once more work toward excluding Communist China? Will the Soviets once more proclaim that China should be a member—and maneuver to keep China out? **William R. Frye,** lecturer and radio commentator, is U.N. Correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. **André Fontaine,** French journalist and correspondent for the Paris newspaper *Le Monde*, points out that the political crisis which permanently afflicts French government is one of institutions rather than of Cabinet personnel. **Ben H. Bagdikian** of the Providence *Journal* went to see for himself the Arab refugees from Israel, visited their camps, and brought back a dismal picture.

George Biddle, painter, ceramist, and lithographer, traveled to Romania with a group of American artists and has brought back a first-hand account of the artistic activities in that rarely visited country. **Marya Mannes,** who spent some time this fall in England, describes the three outstanding plays she saw in London. **Hortense Calisher,** who is teaching English at Barnard College in New York, also has returned from a stay in England. She reports on C. P. Snow's series of novels. Brigadier General **Thomas R. Phillips** (U.S.A., Ret.), the military expert on the Washington staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, discusses Walter Millis's account of the changes in modern warfare.

Our cover for this issue was painted by **Robert Shore.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Can the Majority Rule?

PRESIDENTIAL campaigns are always a good thing—even this one. Invariably, the two parties, when their competition for votes is at its highest, offer a true image of themselves. Invariably, the electoral contest carries a significance far more meaningful than the issues raised or avoided—more meaningful even than the returns on Election Night. But the true image of both parties, the meaning of their contest, lies hidden behind a double veil of partisan rhetoric and popular mood. Last time, perhaps unwarrantedly, the mood was one of emotionalism; this time, it is one of perhaps unwarranted boredom.

It is highly rewarding to look behind these thick veils because the actual significance of every Presidential campaign, in spite of the oppressive, predictable similarity of the recurrent ritualism, is always both surprising and different. This difference has not much to do with the frantically devised new gimmicks of the parties' masterminds or with the technological revolution that has forced live, thinking candidates to act and speak incessantly as nearly robotized utterers of canned prose. The miracle of American elections is that, in spite of everything, the true face both of the candidates and of their parties can be seen.

THE PARTY that during these last four years has held the Executive Branch of the government is on the run. It tries to defend itself as well as it can—which means not too brilliantly—from the attack of its competitor, and in so doing it frequently makes irrefutable some of the few charges its competitor has raised: evidence being, for instance, the finality with which the Administration has set itself against any suspension of the H-bomb tests.

The decline of the G.O.P. that not even Dwight Eisenhower was able to stop is a momentous and perhaps even tragic matter, since our country's conduct of public affairs is based on the two-party system. The G.O.P. has been losing ground steadily, has irked one group of citizens after another in spite of the cleverest available public-relations advice; it has failed to elicit the confidence of unaffiliated voters. It has become the party of the hardened, unquestioning Republicans—and that, in our country, means doom.

The G.O.P.'s answer to its decay has been to use over and over again the sorcery of the Eisenhower image, and the infinite availability of Richard Nixon. This young man, in making himself acceptable to every Republican faction, has achieved the impossible: He has exhibited such a synthetic personality that by comparison Tom Dewey is a man of genuine, passionate spontaneity.

The Democratic Party has been suffering, perhaps, from the opposite disease: It has regained strength too fast, without time to give itself a new national program and a new national identity. Its new strength has come from different and unrelated groups of voters and from different sections of the country. It has not yet had time to coalesce into a new national leadership. There has been no F.D.R. to prompt this growth. But it has happened.

This is why Adlai Stevenson's job has been so grueling. He has had to articulate the feeling and the wishes of each sectional or interest group where the strength of his party has been growing. He has had to exhaust himself in the attempt to ride the wave of his party. His campaign has been an orgy of atonement. This time, he had to fight his way through the primaries, and somehow, even after the nomination, he had to go on waging primary campaigns, appealing to one constituency after another, persuading the voters of his fitness to be his party's nominee—and inevitably trailing his party.

This time, Adlai Stevenson really has acted like a candidate, not like a pretender to the Presidency. He has managed to change the style of his campaigning and to dull the cutting edge of his wit. He has been untiringly and selflessly at the service of his party, yet he has never put party above nation. To a large extent, he felt he had to forgo his statesman's vision, his unquestionable capacity to see the nation as a whole and the role our nation has to play in this world.

Fortunately, his statesmanship has not quite been silenced, as shown when he magnificently espoused the cause of American initiative in world affairs by suggesting that negotiations be started to stop the testing of H-weapons. The kind of campaign that Stevenson has had to fight most of the time has surely been immeasurably harder on him than on many of those who respect and have confidence in him. We are among those.

BEHIND the obfuscations of the campaign, the real issue is: Can the majority rule? Or will the Democratic Party, whose predominant strength has been constantly growing during these last four years, be deprived of the privilege and the responsibility of running the Executive Branch of the government?

This is one of those rare moments when each citizen can do something to set the issue straight. We cast our vote for Adlai Stevenson.

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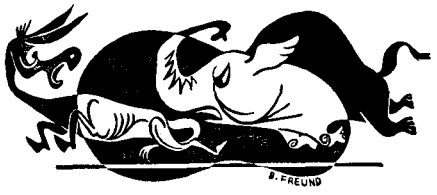
What Happened To the Sure Thing?

ROBERT BENDINER

WHATEVER happens on November 6, this year's Presidential campaign has already fulfilled one of nature's impish but constant purposes, which is the periodic confounding of experts. Around the beginning of August the re-election of Dwight Eisenhower by an overwhelming margin was all but taken for granted. Soothsayer George Gallup's preliminary study of pigeon entrails showed the President leading Adlai Stevenson by sixty-one per cent to thirty-seven, and it was generally felt that the Democrats' chances lay only in war abroad, a sharp business recession at home, or a setback in the President's health. None of these has occurred. Yet now, on the eve of the election, you can hardly find a "seasoned correspondent" or a "trained observer," as the phrases go, who doesn't predict a Democratic Congress and a close race for the Presidency, with Stevenson conceded a real, if still only a fighting, chance of election.

Somehow we have moved from a climate in which Democrats could talk in a desultory way about nominating a "caretaker candidate" to one in which David Lawrence, a pillar of extreme Republican orthodoxy, issues the dolorous pronouncement: "If Ike wins this campaign, it will be by a close vote. If he loses, it may be that the Democratic tide will be of landslide proportions. There is no chance of a landslide for Eisenhower." The Republican New York *Herald Tribune* sums up to the effect that "the present campaign has resolved itself into a very close race," with Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Oregon in doubt; California, Wisconsin, and Michigan requiring "hard work" if



the Republicans are to hold them; Missouri and Alaska definitely lost; and all of the South conceded except Florida and Virginia.

Among the Democrats, in contrast, able reporters like Roscoe Drummond find "genuine verve and zest within the party ranks" along with a sudden conviction that victory is possible after all. Organized labor's Committee on Political Education reports voluntary contributions coming in better than in 1952. Indeed, so marked is the change from a few months ago that one union leader who in September opposed endorsement of the Democratic ticket has been looking for takers of a $500 bet on Stevenson.

Cold Wind from the Polls

What has happened in these recent weeks to explain so pronounced a shift in the wind? In the way of external events, of sudden developments that change a man's voting intentions overnight, nothing at all has happened. The surface explanation appears to lie rather in the fact that because of the campaign itself, journalists and politicians alike have once more made contact with the voters. They have heard from them by way of registration totals, professional polls, and early elections in Maine and Alaska. And they have personally taken soundings on campaign trips and in private surveys, with every reporter becoming his own Dr. Gallup.

THE FIRST and most definitive shock came on September 10, when historically Republican Maine re-elected Democratic Governor Edmund S. Muskie by a record vote and chose a Democrat as one of its three Representatives for the first time since 1934.

On top of the Republican debacle in Maine came the Washington Senatorial primaries, in which Governor Arthur B. Langlie and Senator Warren G. Magnuson ran for their respective party nominations without opposition. Magnuson polled 136,500 more votes from the Democrats than Langlie drew from the Republicans, a lead that caused the governor to make publicly the glum concession that "A lot of people will have to change their votes" if he is to win in November. Democratic-Farmer Laborites in Minnesota ran up a large increase in registration, and the Republicans' registration lead in Pennsylvania dropped from the 1952 margin of nearly a million to less than half that.

Giving a geographical spread to these scattered official indications, a score of polls have afforded further comfort to the Democrats. Foremost among these, perhaps, is the survey of the Doane Agricultural Service,

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Inc. This is one of the country's major farm research and management firms, and was headed by True D. Morse until he resigned in 1952 to become Eisenhower's Under Secretary of Agriculture. The survey, covering more than three thousand farmers, shows Eisenhower still the favorite but by only 56.6 per cent instead of the 72.1 per cent he enjoyed in 1952, a drop that could well be fatal to his chances in states where a sweeping farm vote is necessary to offset Democratic majorities in the cities.

Polls in other states, notably Minnesota and California, showed similarly sharp declines in Republican strength, and their findings were soon echoed by newspapermen who, singly or in crews, have been ringing doorbells or stopping people in the streets from Seattle to Key West in the hope of scooping the voting machines.

The Democratic 'Trend'

As a result of this feverish activity and an overwhelming tendency of news gatherers to feed on each other's observations, hints of a Democratic "resurgence" broke out in a rash. Suddenly a "trend" had been established, and "What happened?" became almost as common a question as "What will happen in November?"

With the election still ahead and prophecy out of my line, a little hindsight here may be pardonable. More than that, it may be illumi-

nating, for there is good reason to believe that what seems to have occurred suddenly in these past few weeks has actually been going on for a long time, though it has attracted only a minimum of attention.

Most political reporters and politicians are aware of, and occasionally mention, the gains that the Democratic Party has been chalking up every fall since 1952. But there seems to be nothing like an adequate appreciation of the power of that running tide, the strength of which makes Eisenhower's 1952 victory seem staggeringly personal and the future of his party correspondingly dim.

Ten months after the President took office, months in which his only conspicuous act was to bring about the highly popular truce in Korea, the Democrats, in special Congressional elections, won two seats that had never before been held by their party, one in New Jersey's Sixth District and the other in Wisconsin's Ninth. Both remained Democratic in 1954. Of the six other seats filled in 1953, five went to the Democrats, along with the governorship of New Jersey, which had been a Republican property since 1944. Locally the party picked up mayoralties in cities that had not had Democratic government in decades—Zanesville, Ohio, for example, which had been Republican for thirty years; Davenport, Iowa, for twenty; Columbus, Ohio, for nineteen. And this was but the meagerest foretaste of what was to come.

Two years after the Republicans' return from the wilderness, when by all the rules of the game they should have been riding high, the country for no apparent reason repudiated them on every level—national, state, and local. Stripping a first-term President of his Congress, the Democrats won twenty-five out of thirty-eight Senate races. They bettered their 1952 percentages of the vote in 268 of the 325 Congressional districts in which there were contests. The Republicans' percentages increased in only fifty-five. Eight more governorships were taken away from the G.O.P.—in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, New Mexico, New York, Maine, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania, the last three for the first time in twenty years. The Democrats lost none.

MORE INDICATIVE of feeling at the base of the political pyramid, the Democrats captured the lower chamber of seven state legislatures and the upper house of two, while yielding none to the Republicans. In all, they won a dazzling total of five hundred legislative seats from the opposition throughout the country and lost only five. Significant perhaps for this year, their greatest gains were run up in industrial states like Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Michigan as well as in farm states like Indiana, Missouri, and even South Dakota. Locally the Democratic tide reached flood proportions. Chicago gave the party its best year since the 1930's, and so did Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis, Des

Moines, Portland, Oregon, and a number of other cities in all parts of the country.

Last year the flood ripped on, seemingly stronger than ever. Of forty-eight mayoralty elections in Indiana alone, forty went to the Democrats, many for the first time since early New Deal days, one for the first time in thirty years, one in forty, and another in forty-two. The spontaneous nature of the upsurge, with no national leadership involved, surprised local Democrats themselves. Reports to the party's research division contain such passages as these: "This county has been predominantly Republican for 20 years . . . [we] feel that county and city may be changing," and "La Grange County has always been Republican . . . so you see why we were shocked when in this town election Democrats won 4 out of 5 Town Board members . . ."

Besides holding their newly acquired control in Philadelphia in spite of an all-out "Support Ike" appeal, Democrats won seven other Pennsylvania mayoralties and now govern all of the state's six cities with a population of more than 100,000. In Franklin County they enjoyed their first triumph since Re-

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construction days, and rock-ribbed Indiana County elected two Democratic commissioners for the first time since Andrew Jackson's Administration. Results almost as sensational were reported from Connecticut and Ohio.

The Odorless Knight . . .

If a failure can even by extension be called a happening, then what has happened is that in these four years of power the Republican Party has shown remarkable inability to take root again in the real soil of politics. Two decades of identification, fair or unfair, with Big Business and of violent opposition to the New Deal's welfare programs have gnawed deeply into the broad base that once sustained the G.O.P. as a national party, and without which no national party can survive.

Eisenhower offset the grave weaknesses of his party four years ago because the issues of the moment, his personal appeal, and a general weariness with the times encouraged a change. To a nation embroiled in a war it loathed, jittery over the threat of world Communism, and with enough fat on its bones to be bored with the slogans of the welfare state, Eisenhower was the nonpolitical hero made to order. In the view of one very highly placed Democrat, Eisenhower was particularly appealing to voters who, if for no reason other than to assert their independence, had long sought a chance to demonstrate their freedom from ties to the Democratic Party. "They couldn't decently break away from Roosevelt," his theory runs, "or [swing to] to Dewey in 1948, but Ike was different—he was pure and honest and didn't have the odor of Republicanism."

. . . and the Price of Hogs

This appeal, especially on the issue of peace, may still be strong enough to re-elect Eisenhower, but to whatever degree it has been weakened, to that degree special-interest, personal, local, and sectional considerations have come to the top and will govern the choice in 1956. These bedrock considerations, as mid-term and off-year election tides so amply demonstrated, strongly favor the Democrats, and their emergence now in the form of gripes—whether about hog prices in Iowa or tight mortgage money in the suburbs—is what has so clearly impressed itself on itinerant journalists in search of trends.

Make every allowance for the President's continued popularity, and it

is still plain that the Republican Party as such has failed to advance its cause among any of the country's great voting blocs. There is almost a perverseness in the way the Grand Old Party has chilled its friends and stiffened its foes. Running through the scores of polls and surveys of the corn belt is a bitter and bewildered feeling that what the farmers considered Eisenhower's firm campaign commitments on parity were deliberately reversed by Secretary Benson. The depth of "class feeling" aroused by what has all the appearance of a double cross struck Stewart Alsop, among the busiest of the one-man polls, as "surprising and even alarming." Many farmers, he found, "quite genuinely believed that they were being discriminated against and exploited by a nameless but powerful class of 'big shots.'"

In the mounting dissatisfaction of the Negro voter the Republicans had the chance of a generation, but they have done everything to hold the potential gain to a minimum. When the Democrats adopted a masterpiece of double talk in their plank on civil rights at Chicago, it was expected that the Republicans, with nothing much to lose in the South, would make deep inroads into the Negro vote by a forthright endorsement of the Supreme Court's desegregation opinion. Instead, as Clarence Mitchell of the N.A.A.C.P. described the process, they "walked up to the brink of equivocation and fell in."

The unfavorable reaction to Stevenson's stand for "moderation" early in the year has been largely wiped out by the contrasting attitudes of the two candidates since then. All surveys appear to agree that the President hurt himself badly when he told reporters that what he thinks about the Court decision doesn't matter and that there are "extremists on both sides"—in marked contrast to Stevenson's flat assertion in Little Rock, of all places, that the Court was "right." It is not hard to find Negroes who were sour on the Democrats in the spring now openly condemning Eisenhower on the ground that, unlike Stevenson, he is the President and has an obligation to speak up as the nation's leader. Inevitably the Republicans have gained something as a result of Southern Democratic resistance to segregation, but not nearly as much as they could have and probably much less than they had every reason to expect earlier in the year.

Labor's Love Lost?

On the labor front, Dr. Gallup bears singularly lone witness to Republican gains. Where he reports a majority of trade-unionists for Eisenhower, every other index points to a loss for the President. But even among those union members who like Ike as well as they did four years ago, there is not the slightest indication that the fondness carries over to his party. Any chance that there might have been was destroyed by failure to rid the Taft-Hartley Act of its sanction for right-to-work laws, the stacking of the National Labor Relations Board with members considered hostile to labor, and a series of gratuitous harassments from prominent Republicans. Senators Barry Goldwater of Arizona and Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska

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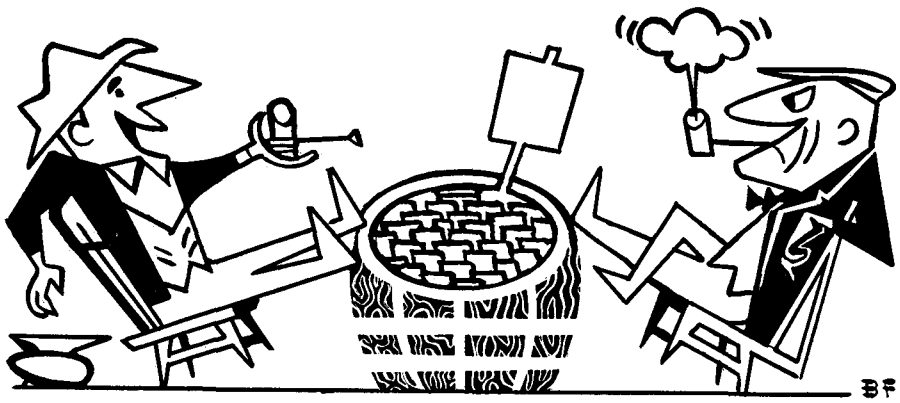

charged the unions with forcing members to raise huge political "slush funds," Goldwater calling it a "conspiracy of national proportions." Senator Knowland accused unions of trying to capture the Democratic Party and turn it into the equivalent of the British Labour Party. Harold Stassen saw in the merger of the AFL and CIO "a dangerous trend for the future well-being of the workers and of the nation." Convinced that his party was "alienating millions of Americans," Governor Fred Hall of Kansas protested in vain, "We are fighting with the farmers. We are fighting with labor." For his pains he was soundly trounced by the Old Guard of his state and has dropped out of the political picture.

THE EFFECT of this hammering was predictable. "Here I've been struggling to put the issues of the campaign in form so that our people would understand what we've been up against in this Administration, and I was getting nowhere," a top union official remarked. "We can forget the explanations. If someone is beating you over the head with a meat ax, the thing ceases to be academic." On top of spotty unemployment and the cost of living—slightly higher than four years ago—the Republican Party's heavy-handed approach to labor appears to have undone whatever beginnings there were of a *rapprochement*.

Not only have an unusually large number of trade-union conventions and committees enthusiastically endorsed Democratic tickets around the country, but labor forces have had an active hand in the results in Maine, Minnesota, and Washington. At the same time, Stevenson's personal stock seems to have gone up among the rank and file. His speeches are more readily appreciated, I was told, because he has "learned to use a simple declarative sentence." He remembers names, too, and no longer commits such *gaffes* as extolling private enterprise in Reading, Pennsylvania, one of the few American cities with a Socialist tradition, or choosing Detroit's Cadillac Square as the spot to voice doubts about the wisdom of repealing the Taft-Hartley Act.

Second Thoughts in Suburbia

As long as the Democratic Party's basic strength rests on the South plus the large economic and ethnic blocs in the North, its position as the majority party will remain unassailable, and national victories for the Republicans will have only an ephemeral character. The evidence is that this is still very much the case. Among religious groupings in the North the Republicans are if anything worse off than before, with the fading Communist issue no longer a prime source of disaffection among Catholic Democrats and with an unpredictable number of Jewish voters alienated by Mr. Dulles's cloudy performances in the Middle East. There is also dissatisfaction in several ethnic groups over the Republicans' failure to liberalize the immigration laws.

The new suburbanites, whose conversion was thought to have bitten so deeply into Democratic pluralities in the large metropolitan areas, are presumably still a major Republican asset, but even this bloc shows signs of melting. With mortgage money the tightest it has been in ten years, builders, home buyers, and even those who want funds for repairs are grumbling. Newcomers who left the city with the first flush of prosperity, expecting to live somewhat more expansively, are encountering the hidden costs of suburban existence—rising commutation fares, costly repair jobs, and, perhaps most important of all, swiftly mounting school taxes.

It is much too soon to expect these mushroom growths to swing into the Democratic column, but there are interesting indications that they are not beyond reach of the prevailing winds. Levittown, Pennsylvania, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, last year delivered traditionally Republican Bucks County to the Democrats for the first time in a half century. While the Republican vote in Long Island's Nassau and Suffolk Counties dropped from 421,000 in 1952 to 320,000 in 1954, the Democratic vote rose from 169,000 to 170,000. A decline was to be expected in a mid-term election, and normally it is about the same for each party. The new suburban class, it might be noted, is a debtor class, and is likely in time, like all debtor classes, to find itself at odds with hard-money devotees of the balanced budget.

WHAT SEEMS to have sent private pollsters and some politicians into shocked surprise, then, is no more than the discovery that, Eisenhower or no Eisenhower, this is still a country with a basic Democratic majority; that, bloc for bloc, those huge groupings in which political strength resides have found little or no reason in these past four years to identify their interests with those of the Grand Old Party. The country may well stake the President to a second term, but if it does, it will apparently be because it trusts him personally and believes he can keep the peace of the world, not because it has rediscovered Republicanism and found it good. The big political question remains whether "The Party of the Future" really has one.

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Nervous Men In Illinois

JAMES A. MAXWELL

A TENSE political calm has settled on Illinois. Aspirants to public office, who are usually ready to say or do anything to grab newspaper space, are behaving as though their sole desire in life were to avoid public notice. There are, of course, the usual number of speeches and rallies, but thus far the battle between the rival parties has been conducted with all the decorum of a debate at a girls' finishing school.

There is a perfectly logical explanation for this uncharacteristic deportment. In 1956 Illinois politicians, especially Republicans, have no wish to call attention to the fact that they *are* politicians. Even for Illinois, which has seen considerably more than its share of corruption and rubbery morality in public office, the events of the past few months have been shocking. Both Republicans and Democrats have had their scandals, and at the moment the candidates are nervously trying to assess the effect of these revelations upon the voters. Meanwhile, the protective coloration of obscurity has apparently been selected as the best defense against the electorate's wrath. "If you don't call attention to yourself," one Republican politician said, "maybe the people won't be as mad at you as at the guy who stands in the spotlight."

G.O.P. Hodgepodge

If this has been something less than a vintage year for Illinois politicians, local newspapers, especially the Chicago *Daily News* and the Chicago *Sun-Times*, have every right to feel pleased with themselves. It was the hard, patient work of the *Daily News* that uncovered the $1,300,000 embezzlement of state funds by Republican State Auditor Orville E. Hodge, and it was the *Sun-Times* that revealed the peccadilloes of Herbert C. Paschen, Cook County Treasurer and Democratic candidate for the governorship. Paschen has since been removed from the Democratic ticket.

Part of the present shyness of politicians in both parties probably stems from the fact that in neither of these instances did state or county officials play any part in the original disclosures. Governor William G. Stratton, who is running for re-election, is especially uncomfortable. Until the *Daily News* broke its story, apparently no one in his administration had the slightest suspicion of Hodge.

A number of the governor's critics have pointed out that perhaps some official should have become at least mildly curious when Hodge's two-year appropriation of a million dollars for contractual services vanished in twelve months. Other observers have wondered aloud if the state treasurer's office was exactly on its toes when the checks—issued by Hodge to payees who never received them—were returned to the treasurer, after clearance, with incorrect or typewritten endorsements. Hodge, of course, needed an understanding banker to carry out this plan, and he found such a man in Edward A. Hintz, president of the Southmoor Bank and Trust Company. Hintz is now serving a three-year term in the state penitentiary for failure to maintain his profession's usual requirements about proper endorsements.

The Hodge affair, although the largest, is not the only political albatross hanging around the G.O.P.'s neck. Republican Vernon E. Nickell, state superintendent of public instruction, is under indictment because of alleged overcharges for government surplus foods used in the school-lunch program, and early in October the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* revealed that out-of-state insurance companies had paid handsome fees to Republican lawyer-politicians to secure licenses to do business in Illinois. Former Attorney General George Barrett, a Republican, was named as one of the recipients.

"WHO'S RUNNING AND WHO'S BEEN CAUGHT?"

Herblock from the Washington Post

Paschen's 'Welfare' Fund

The Democrats were all set to make extensive political use of the Republicans' troubles when the *Sun-Times* published its exposé of Paschen. It seems that banks used as depositories for Cook County funds were solicited for contributions to a "welfare" collection for County Treasurer Paschen's office. Part of the money was to be used for campaign expenses. In addition, the paper revealed that Paschen had failed to account for $4,000 of his contingent expense allowance.

These, obviously, were only venial sins compared with Hodge's embezzlement, but they were sufficient to besmirch the armor of the man who was to lead a righteous crusade to throw the rascals out. Democratic leaders persuaded Paschen to retire from the race, and Richard B. Austin, a judge of the Cook County Superior Court, was substituted as head of the ticket.

Austin's campaign has been comparatively gentle considering the weapons provided him by the Republican scandals, and the efforts of the other candidates on the state ticket have been equally bland. One Democratic politician told me: "My guess is that all the dirt that's been turned up in this campaign has made the boys edgy. Both parties are worried to death that some new mess will break out or that some more

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mud from the earlier messes will start flying and hit somebody. The Democrats are too scared to be sanctimonious. Nobody gets a worse deal than the hellfire-and-brimstone preacher who's caught in the choir loft with the lady organist."

The unwillingness or inability of Austin to make powerful use of the scandal issue is, however, only one factor in the general lassitude of the campaign. The other debilitating element lies in Governor Stratton's tactics of ignoring Austin completely and directing all his fire at Adlai Stevenson. In almost every speech, Stratton portrays Stevenson as a hopelessly inept governor and therefore obviously unfit to be President. This, of course, is merely another set of lyrics to the song used this year by almost all Republican candidates from Senator to coroner: "I like Ike and, presumably, Ike likes me."

Austin's failure to provoke Stratton into a face-to-face fight is proving highly frustrating to the Democratic nominee. Austin is not well known outside Cook County and his one-sided campaign attracts far less attention than would a heated battle between the candidates. Austin, however, is traveling extensively to meetings throughout the state, and he recently added a three-piece band to his entourage to round up listeners.

ALTHOUGH Austin is well regarded by most Democrats, considerable criticism has been directed at Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley for insisting upon the nomination of a comparative unknown in a year when the party's chances of success have been greatly increased by Republican scandals. Paschen, the original nominee, was selected by Daley from a field of six or seven that included former National Democratic Chairman Stephen Mitchell. Mitchell, who is well known throughout the state, was regarded by many observers as the party's strongest entry. When Paschen was forced to retire from the ticket, Daley again passed over Mitchell in selecting Austin.

The relationship between Daley and Mitchell has been cool for some time, but many Democrats feel that this was not a major factor in the mayor's decision. Daley's primary concern, they say, is the success of the party in Cook County. Austin, according to this line of reasoning, is stronger in the Chicago area than Mitchell and thus will give additional support to county candidates.

"Daley wants the whole ticket to be elected," one Cook County Democrat said, "but right now he's more

Dirksen

interested in keeping the local machine well oiled with patronage than in anything else."

The New Dirksen

Undoubtedly the strangest figure in this bizarre election is Senator Everett M. Dirksen. This former protégé of the Chicago *Tribune* and spokesman for the isolationist faction of the Republican Party is basing his entire campaign upon his close ties with Eisenhower. "It's a hell of a switch to keep in mind," a faithful supporter said recently.

But, unlike many Republican Senators and Representatives whose admiration for the President is made manifest only during the months immediately preceding an election, Dirksen has, during the last year or so, given some support to the Administration's foreign-aid program. This step called for a 180-degree turn from the course he had steered throughout most of his previous political life.

Speaking on the subject of foreign-aid programs in 1949, Dirksen said: "We're bailing out seventeen countries, including Great Britain, because they went to pot financially. This is a part of the outpouring of tax money that is shunting our country into a real crisis."

Last year, in speaking of the Administration's Mutual Security bill, he said: "It is not a give-away program. It is not a contribution for the welfare of any people. . . . We are doing it for the greatest, most blessed, most prosperous country on God's footstool."

Recently Dirksen gave staggering evidence of how far he is willing to go in his new role. He invited his 1952 whipping boy, Thomas E. Dewey, to come to Illinois to campaign for the Dirksen cause. As conclusive proof that political wounds rarely do more than break the skin, Dewey accepted.

Meanwhile, Dirksen continues to develop the peace-and-prosperity-under-Eisenhower theme with the voice that has charmed a thousand women's clubs. On a speaker's platform the Senator is an oddly impressive figure. The words flow slowly, easily, steadily, and soon fall into rhythm that is mildly hypnotic. He has a wide range of tone and he uses it with the skill of an old Shakespearean actor. Not a man to back away from sentimentality, no matter how sticky, Dirksen expresses himself in terms that might seem purple to a Victorian female novelist.

Dirksen has been devoting a sizable part of his vocal energy to the wooing of Negro voters, but recent polls show that most of the Negro wards remain solidly Democratic. One of Dirksen's greatest handicaps in this area is his record as a foe of public housing, and the Democrats are making certain that his stand is well known. So far Dirksen has taken no notice of that issue. Instead he concentrates on the civil-rights gains made by Negroes under the Eisenhower Administration.

A few years ago, the Senator told an audience that he "was proud to be called a 'McKinley Republican.'" Apparently he has since decided that although McKinley may have held admirable political ideas, he is not to be compared as an ally with a living President whose charm for the voters may be contagious.

DIRKSEN'S Democratic opponent in the race for the Senate seat is Richard Stengel, a second cousin of Casey of the Yankees. Richard Sten-

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gel, who is forty-one, has served several terms in the state legislature and is generally viewed as a man with sound political instincts. But he is receiving the same lofty treatment from Dirksen that Stratton is giving Austin.

Dirksen recently compounded the insult to his opponent. Stengel had been trying for weeks to lure the Republican into a debate, but Dirksen had ignored all invitations. Early in October, however, the Senator graciously accepted a bid to a verbal duel, but not from his persistent challenger. Instead Dirksen paired with Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio against Senators Stuart Symington of Missouri and John L. McClellan of Arkansas.

Although Stengel has been unable to lure Dirksen into active opposition, the Democratic nominee is carrying on an extensive if somewhat plodding campaign. He is not an effective speaker and, like Stevenson, he is reserved in manner and mildly uneasy when called upon to produce the hearty conviviality expected of candidates.

Despite his resemblance in personality to Stevenson, Stengel is conducting his campaign like Kefauver and shaking hands all over the state. He is also making talks whenever he can get even a few people to listen. He often appears at street-corner meetings to relate the shortcomings of Dirksen. Stengel's all-out effort has at least worried Dirksen, who has stepped up the pace of his own campaign.

Dirksen, like all other Republican candidates in Illinois, is also worried about the effects of another crop of headlines on the Hodge embezzlement. Early in October the Senate Banking Committee, headed by Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, began hearings on the case in Chicago. As the shabby story was retold day after day on the front pages, the voters seemed equally divided between disgust and cynical amusement.

Dirksen took official cognizance of his own and the party's state of mind when he told an audience "not to vote in a fit of anger on November 6, because you'll have to live with those you select for the next four years." Perhaps it was merely an oversight that he failed to add "and, in one case, for the next six years."

MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE ROBOTS

ERIC SEVAREID

Devices change with the times; politics changes with the devices; men don't change much with either, but they get temporarily warped out of shape by both. Wilson could command the printed page any day in the week because he had the English language at his command; Roosevelt was the political star in the radio medium because there was a kind of happy music in his voice; Eisenhower has television working for him and Stevenson hasn't —anyway, not yet. Print was neutral, radio almost neutral, but television is either for you or against you. Eisenhower has it working for him because the whole Eisenhower physical apparatus—voice, face, gestures —is so natural and instinctive that the battery of studio gadgets simply fails in what one often suspects is their true purpose—to stiffen, distort, intimidate, and generally make unreal any man who faces them.

Mr. Stevenson is getting better in this contest of man versus machine, but in this campaign so far the gadgets have taken most of the rounds, hamstringing, nerve-racking, and generally subduing what is really a buoyant, charming, bold, and impressive intellect and personality.

TV allows few compromises. If you can't lick it you have to join it, or pretend to. Mr. Eisenhower joined it long ago, some time after his miserable political debut in the rain at Abilene, Kansas. Long ago, he did what Mr. Stevenson is just now getting around to doing—he hired the most expert counterintelligence professionals he could find to infiltrate and subdue the phalanx of gadgets. This is easily done, once you learn the trick, because the gadgets, like German soldiers, are overdisciplined, lack imagination, and do only what they're told to do.

Take the teleprompter. After that one fiasco in 1952, when he audibly cussed out the thing, Mr. Eisenhower learned that if you just stick to your own pace, the teleprompter will keep up with you; Mr. Stevenson apparently could never get over the feeling that he had to keep up with it, so he's just abandoned the thing and gone back to a script, a place where words don't move after you put them there.

Mr. Eisenhower has had the benefit of the real experts, who are those who know there are no experts in this field. Pseudo experts told Mr. Stevenson to get up from a chair and walk across to a desk. But the President's real expert, Mr. Robert Montgomery, knows that to walk naturally across a room is one of the hardest things that even a professional actor can master. Mr. Stevenson's pseudo experts thought it was very professional to use two or more cameras. This is the reason for that sudden, startled look on the Stevenson countenance—he's just caught sight of a frantically waving arm, the signal to turn to camera 2. From now on, he'll confront only one camera, as Mr. Eisenhower usually does. The camera will be moving—with a Zoomar lens—not the candidate.

Ignore all the tricks of the trade, as Mr. Stevenson and his people were doing, and the speaker can be so uncomfortable his audience suffers with him. Use too many tricks of the trade, like planted questions, pretty actresses, and tiny tots, and you run the risk of turning a serious political process into a soap-opera jag for unemployed minds. The central problem is how to be natural without being nauseating, how to be smooth without being slick. If he weren't so obviously sincere, Mr. Stevenson, we'd say, has been running a grave risk of appearing pedantic; and if he weren't so naturally natural, Mr. Eisenhower, we'd say, has been running the risk of appearing corny.

The TV contest is expected to even up a bit from here on in. Small voices have spoken in the night to the Stevenson advisers, persuading them that he will have to do some rehearsing ahead of time as Mr. Eisenhower does; that his director will have to case the studio joint not just before but long before the broadcast, as Mr. Montgomery does. And no more rushing in by the candidate, three minutes in advance, still revising the speech.

As we said, you have to sneak up on, infiltrate, and outwit the TV battery. Try to rush it in a surprise attack and you're bound to go down before the volley from its automatic weapons.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Battle of Idaho: Welker vs. Church

JOE MILLER

AN ATTEMPT is being made to sell Senator Herman Welker to the electorate of Idaho as an Eisenhower Republican in good standing. Touring the southern part of the state recently, Vice-President Nixon described Senator McCarthy's arch-defender in the Senate as a "valuable member of the Eisenhower team." A lesser figure than Welker might have blushed, but not the man who privately sneers at the President as "another left-winger" and publicly campaigns under the slogan "Ike and Herman—a BIG First Term."

From the record it is not easy to tell what position the "valuable member" has been playing on the team. Most of the time it seemed necessary only for the President to say he wanted a piece of legislation to have Welker, along with Senators Jenner and McCarthy, go all out against it. When Ike asked for the St. Lawrence Seaway bill "for security as well as for economic reasons," Herman voted to kill it. The Senator championed the Bricker amendment when the President denounced it, fought foreign-aid bills, and otherwise opposed the President's foreign policy in practically all its aspects; he began by opposing Eisenhower's choice of an Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Church's Campaign

Senator Welker's opponent, a Boise lawyer of thirty-two, is Frank Church, a political beginner but one not without assets. Church is handsome, oratorically gifted, and related to the influential Clark family, which has furnished Idaho with many governors and Senators. He won his first race in the Democratic primary in August by defeating Glen Taylor, a Democrat again since his 1948 campaign as Henry Wallace's running mate on the Progressive Party ticket but still a maverick. Church nosed out Taylor by a mere 170 votes, with the serious consequence that Taylor is claiming that the nomination was "stolen."

Church has around him a large, enthusiastic group of young people who have helped to give his campaign a vigor and freshness seldom seen in Idaho. The volunteer "Citizens for Church" organization has enlisted recruits in every town in the state. Idahoans have long been accustomed to expect little more from their politicians than small favors and a dreary form of isolationism. Church thinks it is time to end this acceptance of mediocrity and outmoded politics. "We can no longer afford the luxury of isolation," he recently told a rural audience at Blackfoot. "Should we resort to the 'Fortress America' concept, it could mean enemy bombers over Blackfoot or Pocatello some morning. The world has shrunk, and we must face up to it."

Some Welker Woes

Church may be helped appreciably by Senator Welker's unimpressive standing within his own party. In the G.O.P. primary Welker won renomination against a field of four little-known contenders, but received only 42.5 per cent of the Republican vote. Significantly, in the areas where his chief opponent, William S. Holden, campaigned against his record, the Senator was defeated by a 2½-to-1 margin.

One of Idaho's best-known Republican political writers poses Church's problem this way: "If [he] can get to enough people with Welker's record, he will win. Most informed Republicans . . . have no use for Welker. They regard him as a tremendous liability to the party, both in the state and nationally. But the problem is that most rank-and-file Republicans and many independents don't know this. . . ."

A good indication of Senator Welker's reputation among even staunch conservatives is to be found in a recent syndicated column by Holmes Alexander, a writer carried by some of the major Republican newspapers of the Pacific Coast. Alexander's tribute ran as follows: "His absenteeism is high; his prestige among his fellows and in the press corps is low. He has made his office a refuge for political hacks from home. He has loaded his payroll with do-nothing relatives. He has made a sorry spectacle of himself as a ranter on the Senate floor and as a bully of witnesses in committee. He should be mercifully retired from national affairs."

This estimate of the man evokes eager agreement in some quarters of Washington, where the Senator's activities off the floor were sometimes as embarrassing as those on it. As a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which has a lot to say about deportation cases, Welker allowed himself the luxury of a *bon voyage* party with Brooklyn's notorious dock leader, Tony Anastasia, whose brother Albert was then tangled in deportation proceedings. To Welker's subsequent chagrin, a New York *Daily News* reporter witnessed the effusive greetings between the docker's party and the Welkers, and the subsequent retirement of all hands to the Senator's cabin for fruit and champagne. Welker later maintained that he hadn't invited the boys in—"I don't even know this Anastasia – Anacosta – or whatever you fellows call him. . . ."

This question of the Senator's standing, after six years in Washington, is troubling his strategists. His executive secretary, former Governor C. A. Bottolfsen, told me: "Our main problem is that some people have gotten the idea that the Senator is sort of a stuffed shirt . . . and that he hasn't done anything for Idaho."

A Twin Falls G.O.P. official expressed a similar thought in more picturesque language. "Hermie's voting record is O.K. by me," he said. "But he acts like he's an overlord and Idaho is his fief. Every year or so he'll come out to check on the peons, and expects us to put on a jubilee for him. But he hasn't done a damn thing for Idaho. . . . We're too poor to afford the luxury of a Welker."

Church has been capitalizing on

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this sentiment. Idaho is one of the poorest of the Western states, and Church is beating the backroads from the Canadian border to the Utah-Wyoming line with a telling set of statistics to prove it to as many of Idaho's 250,000-odd voters as will listen. He claims that Idaho has lost forty thousand in population in the last six years, that it is one of only seven states where per capita income has been dropping since 1952, and that its small-business profits have dropped fifty-two per cent and farm income seventeen in the last four years. "I challenge Senator Welker," Church repeatedly declares, "to name one single thing he has done for Idaho to help correct this situation."

Welker was first elected in 1950 on a platform of "throw out the Commies, pinks, and socialists," and he finds it hard to change his tune. Armed with tributes from General MacArthur, Senator Eastland, the *American Mercury,* and *Confidential,* he goes in for thundering generalizations like "We must reject the misguided Democrat proponents of socialism and all those philosophies repugnant to real Americanism." Of his opponent, who rated high enough as an anti-Communist to be made Idaho chairman of the Crusade for Freedom, Welker says, "Church is just as dangerous a left-winger as Glen Taylor—even more so."

Don't Quote Me But . . .

Recently Welker appeared before a student forum at Boise Junior College, during which a girl student asked him, "Isn't it true . . . that Communists influenced the Supreme Court's decision on segregation?"

"Of course it is," the Senator replied. "And I'll tell you something else, too. Communists didn't only influence that decision. They wrote it!" Then, seeing a reporter in the audience taking notes, Welker shouted: "That's off the record. But you know it's true!"

Church's campaign received considerable stimulus in mid-October, when a reliable state-wide poll showed him leading by ten per cent of those questioned, with twenty per cent undecided. The youthful orator appeared to be running ahead in every county, including Republican strongholds of the Boise valley and southern Idaho.

THE ROUGHER the going for Welker, the more attractive he finds the coattails of Dwight Eisenhower, in whom he sees new virtues. Praising "the President's wise leadership" over television, he added solemnly: "I share the President's abiding faith in individual enterprise and . . . the dignity of the individual."

Church was quick with the retort obvious: "We have noticed in the past week," he said, "two signs of life from my opponent. First, he has discovered Idaho. Second, he has discovered Eisenhower."

And If You Don't Like Either Ike or Adlai . . .

DOUGLASS CATER

ALL IN ALL, it was not much of a convention. There was not even enough bunting to cover entirely the plywood rostrum, and the organ music swelled out mournfully through the cavernlike Mosque Auditorium in Richmond, Virginia. The Vice-Presidential nominee, a plodding, heavy-set man with the features of a matinee idol gone to flesh, lost his voice in mid-speech. He recovered fairly rapidly, though, and limped through to the end.

It turned out that the Presidential candidate had sat down to

dictate his speech late the night before, only to discover after four hours' labor that the machine was not recording. A second try had been rushed to the mimeographer without emendations, the copies distributed to the press revealing graphically how fatigue had dimmed the poor man's faculties as he labored on into the early morning. He fought his way gamely through the *non sequiturs,* obfuscating his ideas with a sad pretense at epigrammatic wit. At last he concluded a speech full of intemperances with the curious declaration: "However, we realize, we hope all of America does, that it is ordained in the eternal plan of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free—their very passions forge the chains that bind them."

THEY WERE gathered there that evening to forge their passions into a political instrument for vindictive action in November. They had, they admitted, differing priorities in their hatreds—desegregation, foreign trade and aid, taxes, internationalism. But all these could be united under the common banner of states' rights. They would get together behind candidates of their own in an effort to prevent either of the major party tickets from getting an electoral majority and thus try to throw the election into the House of Representatives.

For President they had chosen an American Poujade, T. Coleman Andrews, who stoutly calls for the abolition of the income tax which until a year ago he was collecting as Mr. Eisenhower's Commissioner of Internal Revenue. For Vice-President they named Thomas H. Werdel, a former Republican Representative from California who had challenged Governor Earl Warren in the 1952 primary and lost his seat in Congress as a reward.

Other prominent has-beens sat on

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the platform. There was white-haired Charles Edison, one time Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt and a former Governor of New Jersey, now looking aged and out of place as he vainly held out his hearing aid to catch the diatribes. Spruille Braden, Truman's first Ambassador to Argentina, was listed but not present. The co-chairman of the Andrews-Werdel Committee and keynoter of the evening was Clarence E. Manion, the former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School, whom President Eisenhower had put to work on a study of Federal-state relationships only to discover he was spending a good deal of his time lobbying for the Bricker amendment. Among the other self-designated leaders of the radical Right was Brigadier General Bonner Fellers, the former MacArthur aide who is now running the Washington office of For America, a sort of holding company for right-wing groups in this country. John U. Barr, the other co-chairman, a thin, gray-faced New Orleans industrialist, was active in the states' rights revolt of 1948. Also present was Dan Smoot, the young and eloquent moderator of Facts Forum until his mysterious schism with H. L. Hunt, the Texas multimillionaire who subsidized it.

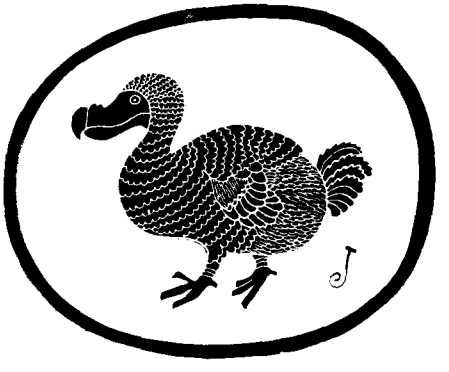
Prominent among the ladies was Ruth McCormick Tankersley, a niece of old Colonel McCormick and publisher of the Washington *Times-Herald* until he took it away from her. General George E. Stratemeyer and Vivien Kellems were listed as members of the Andrews-Werdel Committee but were not among those present in Richmond.

Couldn't Have Lived with Himself

They had all come to consecrate Candidate Andrews, who, though long a sympathizer, is actually a rather new recruit among the professional right-wingers. Andrews, a tall, impressive-looking Richmond accountant and old friend of Senator Harry Byrd, got his job under Eisenhower as reward for Byrd's support in 1952 and by all reports did a pretty good job as a tax collector. But signs of creeping discontent soon began to appear. In 1953, when Senator McCarthy's tax problems were under investigation, Andrews publicly expressed admiration for the Senator and entertained him at his Virginia estate. But it was the Supreme Court desegregation decision that brought his final disillusionment with the Eisenhower Administration. "Was that really an Administration decision?" a reporter asked. "Of course it was," Andrews said. "I know who put Mr. Warren in office and I know the circumstances under which he was put there."

He had resigned from his job in late 1955 with warm praise from Mr. Eisenhower to become chairman of the American Fidelity & Casualty Company, the world's largest insurer of busses and trucks, which was currently having tax difficulties with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. "If one of President Truman's appointees had taken the job, we would have considered it a great scandal," the Chicago *Tribune* stated in an editorial at the time. Andrews declared that he had nothing to do with the tax aspect of the company's business.

Last spring *U.S. News & World Report* carried an interview with Andrews entitled "Why the Income Tax Is Bad." Andrews's views attracted the attention of For America leaders. "We approached him hardly daring hope he would accept this great responsibility," said Dan



Smoot. "So here I am," Andrews told the audience, "and I'm not ashamed to say that I wouldn't have been able to live with myself or ever again be able to look my children and grandchildren . . . in the face if I had declined . . ."

In a forty-page acceptance speech, Andrews ticked off enough grievances to satisfy everyone, handling the racial issue with a delicacy that was not lost on his audience. ("We know what kind of education to give our children . . . above all we know in what environment it should be given them.") Next morning, his press agent, an old public-relations man for the China Lobby in Washington, staged a press conference at which Andrews fenced with reporters in the best political tradition. Both major candidates were ducking the important issues, he declared, and then proceeded to duck questions on the hydrogen bomb, the draft, and, of all things, his own tax schemes. ("Those who want the situation kept as it is would like nothing better than for me to come out with a plan they could go to work on. I'm not falling for that one.")

'A Certain Urgency'

This movement, launched so late in the campaign, contrasts markedly with the 1948 Dixiecrat revolt. Then a group of Southern politicians, meeting in fiery session shortly after the Democratic convention, chose two Southern governors to head a purely regional revolt. This time, though there is perhaps even more unrest in the South, the politicians are notably absent. The name of Senator Byrd was invoked many times during the convention, but the Senator had not even sent a message of greeting to his old friend. Questioned about this, Andrews admitted he would be satisfied if Byrd only maintained his silence.

A CORRESPONDENT for the *National Review*, reporting on a preliminary gathering of the same group in Memphis in September, concluded: "Even among the most composed conservatives at Memphis one sensed a certain urgency, a hidden fear that 1956 may represent their last chance, a realization that even that chance is a desperate gamble." But if Manion, Smoot, and all the other frenetic leaders of the ragged Right felt such an urgency, they had certainly failed to communicate it to their candidate. At a press conference the morning after his formal acceptance, Andrews explained he would be able to campaign only after the regular hours he spends at the insurance company. This, he said, would be mostly on weekends. Nobody mentioned that there were only three weekends left until November 6.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

The Labor Movement Cripples a Union

PAUL JACOBS

TWO MEN sat patiently last August 29 in the lobby of Unity House, the vacation resort in the Pennsylvania mountains that is owned by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. H. L. Mitchell, president of the tiny National Agricultural Workers Union, and Dr. Ernesto Galarza, its education and research director, were waiting to appear before a meeting of the AFL-CIO national executive board. They were there to support the very serious charges their union had made against the Louisiana State Labor Council, AFL-CIO.

Mitchell and Galarza came to Unity House to tell the board that the Louisiana Labor Council was responsible for the passage, in the state legislature, of Act 397, applying "right-to-work" laws to agricultural labor, sugar-mill and processing workers, cotton-gin and compress employees, and rice-mill and processing workers. Victor Bussie, president of the Louisiana council, was at Unity House to defend his state labor group's open support of Act 397. In exchange, the rest of Louisiana's organized labor had obtained the repeal of a more inclusive "right-to-work" law enacted in 1954. George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, appointed a two-man subcommittee to hear both the charges made by the National Agricultural Workers Union (NAWU) and the state council's defense of its action. The subcommittee, Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union and Richard Walsh, president of the Theatrical Stage Employees group, decided to recommend that the AFL-CIO National Executive Board approve the action of the council. That approval was given unanimously.

By this vote, the board sanctioned the tactical retreat made by the Louisiana State Labor Council and endorsed the principle that there are two categories of workers in Louisiana—those who may have union-shop clauses in their contracts and those whose so-called "right to work" prevents them from negotiating such agreements.

Following the board meeting, Meany defended the council's actions at a press conference. He described the tactics of the Louisiana group as having been dictated by "economic expediency" rather than "political expediency."

Nevertheless, Meany did say that he probably would not have agreed to the arrangement if he had been in Louisiana at the time. He also warned that the action of the council was not to be taken as a precedent in any other states faced with a similar problem. Furthermore, he stated that the Louisiana labor movement would now fight to repeal Act 397, although he did not describe precisely how this was to be done in view of the council's previous support of that Act.

Anti-Union Labor Leaders

The history of the Louisiana Labor Council's action on behalf of "right-to-work" legislation is all contained in a 135-page booklet issued by the council. The booklet reports on a special convention held in executive session during the early part of August in Baton Rouge, where the council defended itself against the charges that had been advanced by the National Agricultural Workers Union.

First, the special convention report makes it absolutely clear that the council holds NAWU responsible for the passage, in 1954, of the origi

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nal "right-to-work" law which applied to all unions. A year earlier, in 1953, NAWU had conducted a bitter and unsuccessful strike of sugar-cane workers against the plantation owners. This strike, for union recognition only, was described by the State Labor Council as "a direct challenge to a traditional system in one of Louisiana's oldest and most basic industries. And it was interpreted as a flagrant insult to the men of stature and influence who controlled the system."

As a result of the sugar-cane strike, "the men of stature and influence" in the sugar-cane industry allied themselves, according to the council's report, with the anti-labor forces that had been attempting for fifteen years to pass "right-to-work" legislation. "The president of the Louisiana Farm Bureau Federation became the recognized leader of all Right To Work Council affairs. For the first time in Louisiana, organizations such as the American Sugar Cane League supplanted in importance traditional leader groups like the Louisiana Manufacturers Association and the Association of Small Business Concerns," explains the convention report.

BUT IT wasn't just the sugar-cane strike that angered the "men of stature and influence," says the council. There was also the fact that prior to 1953, NAWU had carried on some partially successful organizational efforts. It had organized a small cotton pickers' local, a dairy farmers' group, a strawberry growers' section, and a shallot and cabbage growers' unit. Thus, reports the state labor federation, "the general organizational project of NAWU in Louisiana formed the foundation for an uprising against labor. Behind the immediate conditions in the sugar-cane fields lay a backlog of highly resented NAWU efforts in agricultural regions. All these circumstances combined to bring the Farm Bureau Federation into organizational alignment with the right-to-work group."

In short, "the endeavors of NAWU in the cane fields of Louisiana brought the anti-union pot to the boiling point.

"Finally, there is this indisputable conclusion to be drawn; without the vote of many Senators and Representatives from Louisiana's agricultural areas, the right-to-work law would not have passed in 1954. And this difference was caused, unfortunately, by the organizational efforts of the National Agricultural Workers Union."

A Deal's a Deal

That was the situation faced by the Louisiana State Labor Council at the close of the 1954 legislative session. "Unfortunately" because of the "organizational efforts" of the NAWU, the state labor movement was faced with a law that made the compulsory union shop illegal.

Clearly, to the council, there was only one thing to do. Helping NAWU in its attempt to bring decent wages and working conditions to thousands of agricultural workers would probably only further antagonize those "men of stature and influence who controlled the system." Instead, the council came to an agreement with the agricultural legislators who had helped pass the bill. They had the power, didn't they?

Certainly, the "stargazers" and "chart-designers," as many of the state council's "most highly respected union officials" described NAWU organizers, had no influence in the legislature. And any later accusations of betrayal leveled by NAWU against the council just don't take into account "the deep-rooted social, economic, and political objections to their aims in Louisiana; objections which if allowed to reach the fruition of their implications, could very well impair in a serious manner, perhaps abolish altogether the gains and benefits of a half century of organizational growth in Louisiana."

After many exploratory discussions with old and newly elected state legislators, it became clear to the State Labor Council that the price of a repeal in 1956 of the 1954 "right-to-work" law was labor's support of a similar law to cover agricultural workers. On that basis, then, a bargain was struck between the State Labor Council and legislators representing the agricultural and sugar-cane districts.

Living up to its end of the bargain, "Labor diligently sponsored [the bill] applying right-to-work provisions to agricultural workers only," stated the Louisiana AFL-CIO legislative newsletter. In exchange, enough agricultural legislators kept their word to repeal the 1954 law.

To be sure, the bill applying the "right-to-work law to agricultural workers only" was amended before passage to cover thousands more: sugar-mill and processing workers, rice-mill and processing employees, as well as the men who work in the cotton gins and compresses. But a deal's a deal, so the State Labor Council supported the bill with the amendments anyway. After all, as the council puts it, the new law "in no way imposes upon those workers any provisions not imposed upon them during the past two years under the right-to-work law."

SO NOW almost everybody is happy. The plantation owners, sugar refiners, cotton growers, rice processors, and agricultural people are content in the knowledge that their employees have been placed, with labor-union support, in a category that is separate from other workers in the state. As for the National Agricultural Workers Union and its membership, they represent, says the council, "less than one-quarter per cent of the Louisiana labor movement," which itself only represented, in 1953, nineteen per cent of the nonagricultural labor force.

The AFL-CIO executive board's approval at Unity House of the Louisiana State Labor Council's actions may well mean the end of a long, hard struggle. Since 1936, when NAWU was first organized as the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, it has survived only through the devotion of its always poorly paid officers and staff plus the outside help of a handful of people centered around the National Sharecroppers Fund. Rarely has it received much more than token support from the labor movement—and at the Unity House meeting even that was lacking.

Yet there are still more than two million unorganized agricultural workers in the United States. One wonders who was more uncomfortable when Mitchell and Galarza left Unity House, they, driving away in a beat-up and battered car, or the powerful board members who remained behind.

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Is It Trust Busting Or Window Dressing?

WILLIAM D. ROGERS

ATTORNEY GENERAL BROWNELL'S rather bizarre choice of the Corn Products Refining Company's television program to announce the Justice Department's antitrust suit against General Motors served to attract widespread attention to the Administration's endeavors in the field of trust busting.

It was obvious that Mr. Brownell intended it that way. During the past year there has been a steady series of publicity releases by the Department of Justice in this particular field. The Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division, Stanley Barnes, recently promoted to a Federal judgeship, has been widely praised for disproving the old accusations that the Republicans are soft on monopoly. While in office, Judge Barnes continued to press a number of important cases left over from the Democratic régime and instituted new ones—including suits against the Radio Corporation of America, the Hilton Hotels chain, Panagra Airlines, and the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

It is known that some months ago Barnes's sturdy pursuit of antitrust activities caused publisher Henry Luce to press upon him the idea of making a bid for the Vice-Presidential nomination—a proposition that Barnes resolutely declined. It was, however, symptomatic of the awareness among Republican strategists that a good antitrust record can be a useful G.O.P. campaign theme.

But has the Republican antitrust record been so good? A closer examination shows that few of these widely touted prosecutions have gone to trial. Instead, the Justice Department has been relying heavily on the consent-decree method, by which prosecutor and defendant work out a mutual agreement to settle the case on an amicable basis out of court. As Judge Barnes has described the process of reaching a consent settlement: "Shirt-sleeve conferences replace formal court trials; the give and take of bargaining supplants the atmosphere of an adversary proceeding." If, in the course of this bargaining, agreement is reached, the government notifies the court and the judge signs an order drafted by the parties terminating the prosecution without a trial.

THE CONSENT SETTLEMENT is a time-honored practice which, if used properly, can quicken antitrust litigation and carry out the single purpose of the Sherman and Clayton Acts, which is to preserve a competitive economy in this nation. But there are real weaknesses connected with it.

In the first place, by settling out of court the defendant receives the same immunity from future prosecution for the past offenses cited in the complaint that he would have enjoyed if the case had gone to trial. Secondly, consent settlements effectively forestall the suits of private companies damaged by the defendant which would inevitably follow successful government prosecution in the courts. In both these instances, the consent decree amounts to an inoculation against a number of legal difficulties. Finally, most consent settlements by their very nature require continuing government supervision and may ultimately necessitate court trial after all if the consent decree has not been carried out properly.

Hilton Gets Vaccinated

Significantly, the three big settlements announced with much fanfare early this year—Hilton Hotels, American Telephone & Telegraph, and International Business Machines—serve to illustrate each of these weaknesses.

In 1954, Hilton was the biggest hotel chain in the United States. It had fifteen first-class hotels in this country alone, producing a gross annual income of almost $100 million. In that year it bought out the Statler group, the second largest chain, with nine big hotels and an income of about $60 million.

The government instituted a civil proceeding in April, 1955. It charged that Hilton, as a result of the sale, verged on a monopoly in the hotel and convention business and had increased its competitive lead over other hotel operators to a point where their existence was in jeopardy.

Nine months later, the Justice Department announced that it had worked out a consent decree with Hilton. Under the terms of this decree, Hilton has already disposed of four of the Statler hotels: the New Yorker and the Roosevelt in New York, the Mayflower in Washington, and the Jefferson in St. Louis.

But the decree did not divorce the two chains completely and restore the old competition between Statler and Hilton. Hilton retains the remaining Statler properties, and, as a result of the settlement, a perpetual immunity for its amalgamation of the two hotel chains. It bought nine units, sold off four, and has a guarantee that the government can never bring suit against it for keeping the other five.

A.T.&T. and the Triple Escape

One of the special provisions of the antitrust laws permits private companies injured by a violator to ride on the coattails of a government proceeding. If the government prosecutes and wins, injured small firms can also sue and introduce the judgment in the government case as prima-facie evidence that the defendant engaged in an illegal conspiracy to restrain trade or monopolize. The private firm has only to prove it was injured by the proven violation. If it does, it collects damages in the amount of three times the injuries it received. It is a harsh penalty, perhaps, but one of the calculated restraints against ruthless restrainers of trade. By settling out of court, Sherman Act violators can go a long way in guarding themselves against such liability, since consent decrees are not admissible in subsequent private suits to prove a violation.

This was quite evident in the con-

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sent decree involving A.T.&T. and its subsidiary, Western Electric. The government's case was filed in 1949, charging that A.T.&T. had worked its way to domination in the telephone field by a long-standing conspiracy to monopolize. Its predecessor had secured the basic telephone patents shortly after they were taken out. A.T.&T. had given Western an exclusive license to manufacture telephone equipment under these patents. The complaint alleged that certain crucial types of equipment "had been consistently withheld from independent telephone companies." As a result of this policy, A.T.&T. had monopolized the long-distance facilities and had been able to force eighty-five per cent of the local telephone-operating companies to join its system.

The complaint also charged that A.T.&T. and Western had conspired to eliminate all competing telephone-equipment manufacturers. Once the bulk of operating companies were tied to A.T.&T., this was a relatively simple matter. As stated by the government, A.T.&T. merely directed those companies not to purchase telephones from anyone other than Western.

The department had originally asked the courts to break up the A.T.&T.-Western Electric relationship and then to split Western Electric into three parts, so that there could be real competition in the manufacture of telephones. It had also aimed to restrict A.T.&T.'s control of the local operating companies. Last January, after seven years of legal skirmishing, a consent settlement was announced by the Justice Department. The government agreed to withdraw its plea that Western Electric be split off from A.T.&T., and A.T.&T. in exchange agreed, generally speaking, to open up its patent pool to royalty-free licensing by other manufacturers and to disclose its manufacturing costs.

This settlement undoubtedly saved A.T.&T. from a rash of private damage suits. Had the case gone to trial and had the government succeeded in proving the charges made in the complaint, every non-A.T.&T. local operating company cut off from the Western Electric telephone inventions could have gone to court with hope of recovering three times its damages. Every manufacturer of equipment would have prospects of gaining three times the profits it had lost while denied access to the A.T.&T. market for telephones. That would have sent shudders through the giants in all industries that have blithely ignored the nation's anti-trust laws.

Ambiguity at I.B.M.

Another major drawback of consent settlements is illustrated by the I.B.M. decree.

Like the A.T.&T. prosecution, the case revolved in part around a pool of electronic patents. According to the complaint, I.B.M. was the largest manufacturer of tabulating machines in the world, and the heart of I.B.M.'s alleged domination of the field was its patent pool. The government charged that I.B.M. had made a studied practice of buying up every invention and patent having any relevance at all to the manufacture of computing machines, that it opposed patent applications by others in this field, and that it bought up patents for the purpose of entering other business-machine fields to retaliate against manufacturers who threatened to enter the tabulating business. By 1952, I.B.M. owned several thousand of the most essential patents in the field.

This pool gave it a tight grip on the push-button brains of modern industry. I.B.M. was more than willing to rent its inventions to other corporations—at a gross yearly rental of more than $250 million—but it refused to sell them. In this way it got a second advantage out of its monopoly by obliging the lessee to take a package contract specifying that I.B.M. would service the machines. In fact, I.B.M. went to great lengths to prevent any potential competitor from ever examining its machines or learning repair techniques.

This system, the government charged, compelled every company that had any of I.B.M.'s machines to get instruction from I.B.M., to have them serviced by I.B.M. technicians, and to send them to I.B.M. for repair. In short, once an I.B.M. machine moved into an office, that office was married to I.B.M.

In January, four years after the suit began, the department and I.B.M. came to an agreement. I.B.M. is to offer to sell its machines, instead of leasing them, at a "sale price for each machine . . . which shall have a commercially reasonable relationship to the lease charges for such machine." It is to permit the companies that use the machine to hire independent maintenance personnel. To encourage the growth of other competing manufacturers, it is to give up its patent monopoly and allow competitors to make the patented machines for "a reasonable royalty." And it is to furnish these licensees with "technical information" relating to the manufacturing and assembling of the machines.

Perhaps this will lead to competition. But before other manufacturers and repair firms get started, they must get their patent rights and training from I.B.M. I.B.M. has to decide just what to charge in royalties and just how much technical know-how to furnish, to whom, and in what form. The consent decree is not specific about this, for unlike a court judgment it was reached without the full examination of these matters required in a judicial hearing. What constitutes a "reasonable" charge and "necessary technical information" must await future decision. And, in so far as the terms are ambiguous, I.B.M. has an opportunity to be evasive.

Consent decrees, like the I.B.M. one, admit of easy violations and make proof of violation difficult. If the Justice Department does discover in the future that the company has not done all it should—that I.B.M. is improperly withholding information from a licensee, that it is putting an unreasonably high price tag on its machines, or that it is refusing to supply parts to tabulator owners who happen to use other maintenance services—its only recourse is to take I.B.M. into court.

A court judgment in the first place would avoid much of this confusion. With the opportunity for full investigation into confidential matters that a trial provides, the court could have issued an order in specific terms opening up I.B.M.'s patents and know-how and providing for the sale of specified tabulating machines to present lessees at specific prices.

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This problem of future enforcement could prove to be one of the most serious defects of some of the recent consent orders. To be effective, they oblige the Justice Department to interpose itself at the operating level of the company's work, and to exercise continued and critical review of day-to-day decisions by the corporate executives. It is ironic that an Administration which has dedicated itself to getting government out of business should find itself committed to such a role.

Revision and Reinterpretation

This recent spate of consent settlements is only the latest chapter in the Sherman Act's spotty history of enforcement. Passed by Congress in 1890, the Act was drastically restricted by Supreme Court interpretation only a few years later. The first flurry of successful prosecutions ended before the First World War, and the Act was largely unenforced for two decades until the Roosevelt Administration. Under Thurman Arnold, the Antitrust Division went on the offensive.

Within the six-year period that followed, Arnold instituted some 350 cases, almost as many as in the previous fifty-year history of the statute. A significant number of these prosecutions got to the appellate courts and resulted in what amounted to a doctrinal breakthrough. In the Supreme Court's Socony-Vacuum opinion in 1940, and in the 1945 Aluminum Company of America decision by Judge Learned Hand, the Act was reinterpreted to mean what it had originally said: that conspiracies in restraint of trade were illegal, regardless of how "reasonable" they had been, and that monopolies were beyond the law, regardless of whether they had engaged in illegal tactics.

These cases and others laid the basis for the modern application of the antitrust laws. Their effect has reverberated far beyond the confines of the particular industries involved in the decisions. The extent to which the Sherman Act has influenced the structure of the American economy in recent years can be traced to the pervasive effect of judicial opinions such as these.

But these decisions left open almost as many questions as they answered. They need to be supplemented with further opinions by the courts, applying the antitrust laws to other situations and different forms of economic coercion. For it is only by a continuing accretion of precedents that the full sweep of the antitrust laws can be made apparent to American business. Consent decrees, whatever their specific value, have no value as precedents.

When the Justice Department first announced the Hilton suit, on April

Brownell

27, 1955, it stressed that this case was an attempt to explore judicial interpretation of the recent Celler-Kefauver Amendment to the Clayton Act. It wanted to discover just what was meant by the prohibition of mergers that would reduce competition "in any line of commerce." With the consent settlement, the department threw this purpose out the window.

The Teeth Have Been Pulled

It has been argued that the Democratic Administration during the late 1930's also piled up a record of consent decrees. But there is a difference that makes statistical comparisons misleading. Arnold had a habit of coupling a civil case against a monopolistic corporation with criminal indictments of its officers. Settlements were not "negotiated." The defendant corporation was obliged to offer a plan for the decree which the Justice Department either accepted or rejected. This policy was roundly criticized by the business community at the time as a deliberate effort to coerce drastic settlements. Indeed, in many cases the department did insist that corporate defendants agree to consent decrees "which go beyond what the law requires" as a condition to dropping criminal indictments against the officers of the corporations. Largely as a result of the *in terrorem* effect of potential jail sentences and fines, a number of drastic consent decrees were worked out during the Roosevelt Administration.

The present Administration has retained the consent procedure but discarded the threat of criminal prosecution. It has refused to bring criminal indictments except in the most clear-cut cases. Judge Barnes declared during his administration, "In no instance is the criminal sanction used to coerce civil settlement."

THERE is a strong possibility that after November the General Motors case will be added to the list of consent settlements. If this happens, the same drawbacks will apply. The suit involves monopolization of bus production. If the decree does not compel G.M. to give up its bus factory—and the complaint makes no such request—G.M. will be vaccinated on this score from future government suits. In addition, a settlement would deny the benefits of a government victory to competitors who would like to sue. And finally, to the extent the decree is ambiguous, the government may eventually be forced into court anyway. It remains to be seen how Barnes's successor, Judge Victor Hansen, will handle the inevitable negotiations.

Statistically, the consent-settlement route permits the Department of Justice to tabulate an impressive list of prosecutions that it has concluded. And the department can claim that the dispositions were "successful," since in each decree the defendants conceded something of their competitive advantage. But what of the public interest? Is it actually protected when the monopoly statutes, which Attorney General Brownell has called the "warp and woof of our economy," are enforced by a process of gentlemanly treaty-making? When the Justice Department departs from its true mission of conducting prosecution in the courts, it is undermining the basic spirit of the antitrust laws.

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Communist China Is Still Knocking at the U.N.'s Door

WILLIAM R. FRYE

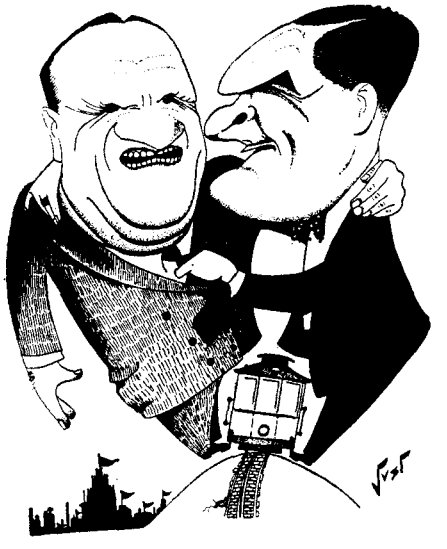
THE UNITED STATES may face a tough fight in the forthcoming United Nations General Assembly if, as seems inevitable, we continue to resist the seating of Red China. At the moment, the chances are that we shall succeed once again in getting the issue postponed. But the vote may be much too close for Washington's comfort; and the price of the fight, in terms of arms twisted, bargains struck, and promises made, will be high.

A campaign to round up votes has been going on behind the scenes for weeks, even months. In a case like this the United States never waits until the gavel comes down on opening day to begin its lobbying. The most important single diplomatic stroke of this campaign was a promise elicited from Prime Minister Eden when he came to Washington last January that Britain would wait until after the 1956 Assembly to press for seating Red China. That promise still holds good as far as Washington knows; and as goes Britain, so goes the "old" (i.e., the white) Commonwealth and much of western Europe. It has been axiomatic for some time that the day Britain breaks with the United States will be the day the dikes will be swept away and Red China will come in. Britain and western Europe hold the balance of power on this issue.

In 1955, Britain traded its Chinese representation vote in return for American support in keeping Cyprus off the Assembly agenda. This year, were it not for the Washington compact, London might perhaps be able to extract a handsome price in terms of Suez Canal diplomacy. But Eden is already committed. The promise was originally obtained when the United States feared the 1956 Assembly might open before the Presidential election, but it was not annulled when the opening was deferred until November 12. We were able to extract the promise because Eden had a debt to pay: We had given him the Summit Conference he wanted in order to help him win the 1955 British general election.

The Bargain Counter

The United States's most persuasive argument in its vote-getting drive has been that the seating of Red China is a valuable commodity to Chou En-lai, and as such should not be handed to him on a silver platter. Washington has argued that it should be sold for as high a price as possible, preferably one that would include a settlement of the Korea, Indo-China, and Formosa-Quemoy-Matsu problems.



Knowland and Lodge

All the high-pitched official talk about China's outrageous behavior, its imprisonment of American citizens, and its role in Korea is for domestic consumption and carries no weight with most U.N. delegations, except in so far as some delegates hesitate to outrage what they are told is a solid body of American public opinion. Many delegates believe the U.S. government has encouraged and maintained the public opposition to Red China, and could turn it off as easily as it has turned it on. This, of course, is not wholly true, but it is a factor in the minds of a surprising number of people.

The argument that Red China's seat is a bargaining asset which should be used to best advantage is particularly effective this year. Many U.N. diplomats believe that when the election is over there will be a period of intense negotiation between Washington and Peking to turn the tacit truce in the Formosa Strait into a stable peace, and if possible to settle the problems of Korea and Indo-China as well.

If Chou becomes persuaded that he will soon get a seat in the United Nations simply by waiting, he obviously will not pay any important price for that seat; but if the United States is able to hold the line this year with an impressive display of voting strength, such as to suggest that it may be the same story in 1957 and even 1958, Chou may be willing to bargain. There is plenty for him to gain by getting into the United Nations: prestige; dominance over millions of overseas Chinese, many of them wealthy; substantial assurance against an American-supported attack by Chiang Kai-shek; and a platform from which to challenge India and the Soviet Union more effectively for leadership of Asia. He might well be willing to pay a certain price to speed up acquisition of these things by a matter of years, especially if he needs prestige to help solidify his régime at home.

WHAT are the chances of an impressive majority against Peking this fall? Not very great. Even with British, western European, and Latin-American support, plus a scattering of votes elsewhere, the United States is going to have its hands full getting a large majority. It is a new General Assembly this year; soon after the opening gavel falls, it will consist of at least seventy-nine countries (Tunisia, Morocco, and the Sudan being due for admission on opening day). Of these sixty old and nineteen new members, twenty-eight have recognized Peking.

Diplomatic recognition and support for a place in the United Na-

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tions do not automatically go hand in hand. Several countries, such as Britain, the Netherlands, and Pakistan, have voted with the United States despite their recognition of Peking. Others, such as Canada, have been on the verge of recognizing Red China for some time, and could vote to seat it in the United Nations without actually granting diplomatic recognition. Of course, support for a seat would be a form of *de facto* recognition; but the inconsistency could be explained away on the grounds that the United Nations should be universal, not selective, in membership. There is wide agreement with Mr. Hammarskjöld's view that "If the world organization is a 'sheer necessity' in President Eisenhower's words . . . then the main representatives of all the main centers of power must be there. Otherwise it is not world organization."

The counterargument – that the United Nations should consist of "peace-loving" states—receives much lip service in public debate, but has very few sincere advocates. So few members of the present Assembly are peace-loving in the eyes of all the rest that it is difficult to set up an objective standard. During the Korean War, when Red China was actively fighting against the United Nations, the case was pretty clear-cut (especially in the light of Article 6 on expulsion of persistent Charter violators). But now that the armistice is three years old, the "peace-loving" argument has lost much of its force and breadth of appeal. The United States can and does point out that the aggression will not be purged until a peace treaty is signed, but this fact would not sway many votes if it were not for the accompanying clincher—that China's seat should be used for bargaining in the peace negotiations.

The popular notion that a U.N. seat implies approval, forgiveness for past misdeeds, and naïve expectation of future innocence is regarded as nonsense. Other things being equal, a U.N. seat should go, most delegates feel, to the government that actually governs, whether it is tyrannous or benevolent, peace-loving or warlike. Many even think that the more warlike a government is, the more important it is to have its representatives in the United Nations, where the influence of diplomacy can be brought to bear on them, where the régime can be forced to justify its actions in a world spotlight, and where informal private negotiations behind the scenes can help to alleviate the worst dangers of conflict.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a strong opponent of Peking, has used these arguments with considerable effect to justify the presence of the Soviet Union in the United Nations. Indeed, he feels Soviet membership is an asset to the West; and nearly everyone agrees. The same arguments, others feel, can be used with equal force to justify seating Red China. How, they ask, can you talk realistically about disarmament without knowing what Peking will agree to do? Would it not be useful to confront Red China with the facts on its narcotic drug trade and demand an explanation? Would it not be advantageous to the West for the United Nations' atoms-for-peace agency to be able to keep an eye on Peking's atomic development?

Eden

The Line-up

These are the convictions the United States is fighting against, and they explain why the job has been and is difficult. The universality argument carries great weight with the members of the Afro-Asian bloc, to whom it is a handy rationalization of a political desire. The addition of the nineteen new U.N. members has strengthened this bloc materially, increasing it from seventeen to twenty-six. Since the United States is clashing head-on against the views of this group, Red Chinese representation will provide the first important test of American influence in the new seventy-nine-nation Assembly. It will indicate just how difficult it is going to be to keep the new United Nations in line—and, in fact, whether we are going to be able to do it at all.

The probable voting line-up can be anticipated on the basis of private surveys and past performances. Beginning in 1950, when the issue first arose in the Assembly, the voting record on seating Red China has been as follows:

Year	*Against*	*For*	*Abstaining*
1950	33	16	10
1951	37	11	4
1952	42	7	11
1953	44	10	2
1954	43	11	6
1955	42	12	6

Of last year's six abstentions, at least five (Afghanistan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Egypt, and Syria) are expected to vote for Red China this fall. In addition, among the nineteen new members at least seven (Albania, Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary, Nepal, Ceylon, and Finland) almost certainly will vote for Peking. Thus the pro-Peking bloc will have a nucleus of twenty-four votes—twelve carry-overs from 1955 and twelve additions.

To these twenty-four may well be added Jordan and Cambodia, and quite possibly most or all of these: Laos, Pakistan, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sudan, Libya, Lebanon, Ireland, Austria, the Netherlands, and Israel. If all these countries were to shift,

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Peking would have thirty-seven—very close to half the U.N. membership. Defections by any three of the Latin-American, "old" Commonwealth, NATO, or friendly Arab-Asian countries, alienated by the West's handling of Suez, would be enough to swing the balance.

Importance of Being 'Important'

If this were about to happen, there would first be a procedural fight such as even the United Nations has never seen over whether a simple majority is sufficient or a two thirds vote is needed. A two-thirds majority is required for all questions which are "important" in the sense of Article 18 of the Charter; and the admission of new members is one of nine subjects so defined.

But the seating of Red China is not the admission of a new member state. It is a determination as to which of two governments is entitled to the seat that China already possesses. It is therefore a question of credentials, and the acceptance or rejection of credentials in other cases has never been regarded as "important" in the legal sense. Indeed, in 1949 the General Assembly put itself on record 43-6 as believing that the "approval of credentials," among other things, should be regarded as a routine matter—and the United States was one of the sponsors of that declaration. When the final procedural showdown on Red China comes and the Assembly decides whether to interpret the word "important" in a legal or a political sense, that preliminary decision will be made by a simple majority of those present and voting. The Charter so provides. But the line-up might not be the same as the vote on seating Red China; the United States might well be able to save the situation through a procedural victory, even if it stood to lose on the issue itself.

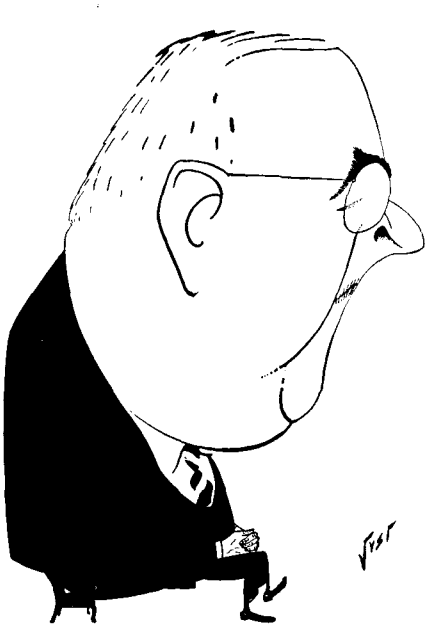
One striking sidelight of the forthcoming battle is that Senator William F. Knowland, the ranking Senate Republican, is a member of the U.S. delegation, and is sure to plunge into the fight with both fists. The United Nations certainly will learn something about Senator Knowland and the Administration's problems, and just possibly the Senator, who is an able man, will learn something about the United Nations.

In 1954 he threatened to quit as Majority Leader and stump the country to get us out of the United Nations if Red China were seated. If he listens to the debate and talks candidly behind the scenes with the more articulate and rational of the Asians, he cannot help but see how shortsighted such a policy would be for the United States. On the other hand, when he comes face to face with India's V. K. Krishna Menon the results could be pyrotechnic. Both men have comparatively low explosion points.

Mr. Malik's Double Play

It will be interesting to watch the Soviet Union's tactics now that there is a possibility, however distant, of seating its Chinese ally. Few well-informed people at the United Nations believe that Moscow really wants Peking in the organization, where Red China would have opportunity to establish direct contacts with the West, free of dependence on Moscow, and where any signs of Moscow-Peking divergence could be observed and exploited by the western world. Certainly Soviet diplomacy in the Stalin era had the effect of keeping Peking out of the United Nations; and many diplomats and observers believe that was precisely the intention.

The story of what happened in January, 1950, and thereafter is not well known outside the United Nations. (But see "Does Stalin Really Want Red China in the U.N.?" by Peter V. Allen, *The Reporter,* August 29, 1950.) The Chinese revolutionaries had completed their conquest of the country a few months earlier. In relatively quick succession, more than a dozen countries had extended diplomatic recognition. It was common knowledge that very soon a majority of the countries on the U.N. Security Council would have done so; only two more votes were needed, and both France and Egypt—members of the Council—were on the point of shifting.



Dulles

At this moment Jacob Malik, the chief Soviet delegate, asked for a meeting of the Council and demanded that Peking be seated immediately. He threatened to walk out if his demand was not met. He knew he did not have the votes—and that even if he could get them, Nationalist China would vote "No" and the Chinese delegate, who was president of the Council that month, could use his powers to make the vote a veto. (Three weeks later he would no longer have been in the president's chair.) Malik must have known also that his imperious "demands," combined with the boycott threat, could have no effect except to infuriate the United States. It did have that effect: The motion was lost and Malik stormed out, vowing never again to sit at the same table with the "Kuomintang" representative. The result was that whereas previously Peking seemed certain to have a U.N. seat within months, probably weeks, now there seemed to be no chance at all. The United Nations could not be in the position of bowing to blackmail. Then came Korea—as Moscow must also have planned; and once Red China intervened, the Chinese-representation issue was settled for a long time.

It would require considerable naïveté to believe that Malik and his superiors really wanted Red China in the United Nations. They could have had that just by sitting tight. They obviously wanted Peking barred—and they wanted to inflame Peking against the United States. They achieved both aims. The United States had fallen into one of

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the most ingenious traps Moscow had ever set, and many American diplomats knew it. But what could they do? In later years, whenever it began to look as though Red China might begin to have a chance, the Russians have again taken up their raucous hue and cry, pounding tables, waving fists—and solidifying the opposition. To this day, the American public tends to believe that the Russians want Red China in the United Nations because they say so, when the same Americans would not be caught dead believing anything else a Russian diplomat said.

If Moscow runs true to form, its diplomats will scream louder at the end of 1956 than ever before, because the prospects of Red China's being seated have so markedly improved. In private, the Russians do not act this way. For example, when the Statute of the International Atomic Energy Agency was being drafted behind closed doors last spring and the key decisions made, the Russians made only the most perfunctory effort to have Peking made a charter member.

ONE HIGH-RANKING western diplomat has summarized the case for seating Peking this way:

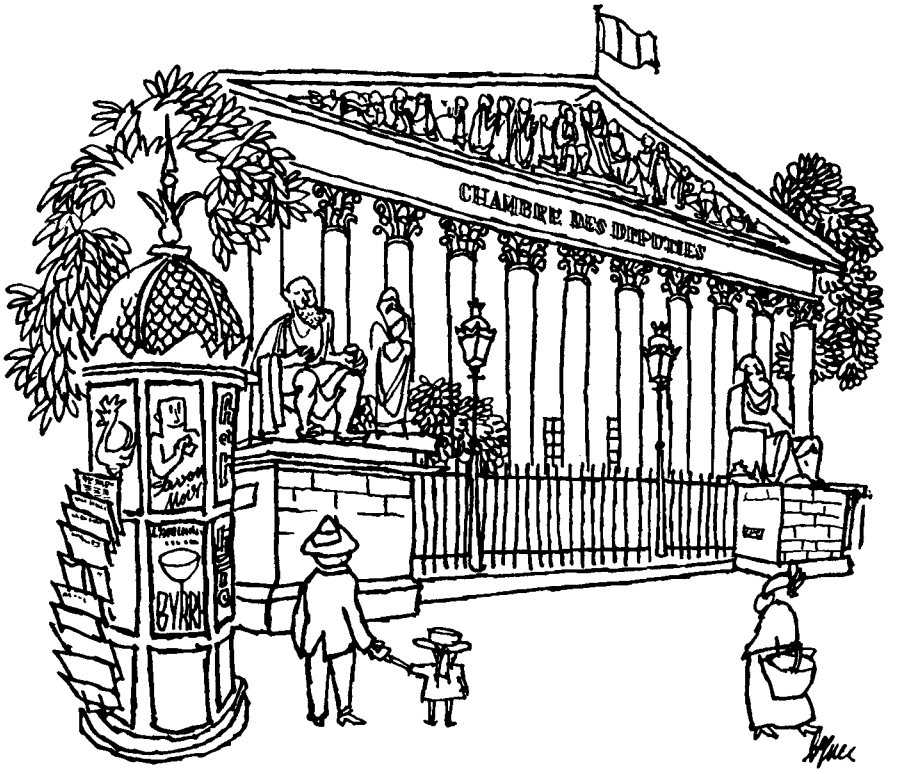
"The one most important diplomatic objective of the free world—one on which survival itself could conceivably depend—is the breakup of the Moscow-Peking alliance.

"Together, these two giants, armed with nuclear weapons, having the raw materials of Southeast Asia at their command, could dominate world diplomacy for years to come, and in a military or economic showdown would be an overwhelmingly formidable challenge.

"These two Communist giants are not natural nor historic partners; on the contrary, their interests normally clash almost everywhere they come in contact. Unless the Chinese Communists are driven into Moscow's arms and forced to stay there, with no alternative, they eventually will fall out with the Kremlin.

"The first step is to establish continuing contact with Peking in the United Nations."

It could be that the men in the Kremlin, too, have thought of these possibilities.



Can the French Save Their Republic?

ANDRE FONTAINE

PARIS

"BEFORE we can modernize or bring new life to our country, there is one thing that we must do first: We must reform a régime no longer adapted to the events or the problems of our day, a régime whose instability and weakness are the source of most of our troubles."

These words were spoken by René Coty at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Battle of Verdun. A French President must be extremely careful in his public pronouncements because of the restrictions the Constitution places upon his functions. The fact that Coty spoke so plainly and so seriously—of course with the unanimous consent of the Premier and the Cabinet—shows how acute a crisis France's democracy is passing through.

It would not be hard to find the same anxiety in the spoken and written words of Frenchmen in public life in the years before the Second World War. In 1934 the temptation of an authoritarian solution to the difficulties of the French constitutional structure was so great that French fascism would have had every chance of succeeding if the rioting in the Place de la Concorde on February 6 hadn't made it plain that the rightist leaders were both incapable and divided, and if the Left, reacting against the fascist threat, had not been able to unite in the Popular Front that was to win the 1936 elections.

That is why, when the Nazis crushed France in 1940, Pétain and Laval had no great difficulty in persuading a panicked Parliament to bury a form of government that a great number of French people considered responsible for the misfortunes of the nation. Four years of Nazi occupation and Vichy's paternalist idiocy were not enough to re-

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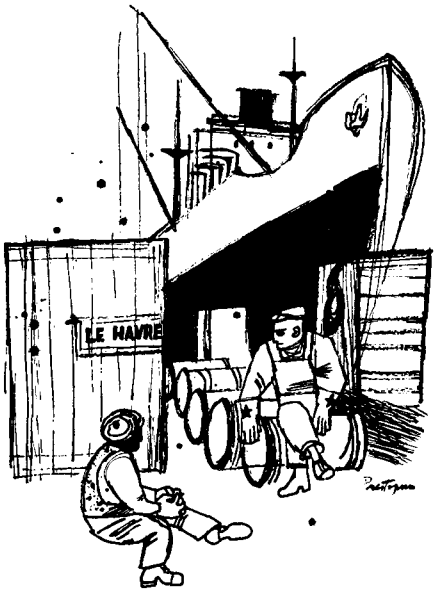
store the Third Republic to popular favor. In 1946, after the liberation, the Constituent Assembly did not even bother to discuss returning to



the Constitution under which the Third Republic had faltered since 1875. All agreed that a new Republic must be created that would make France "pure and tough." That is what the Resistance had fought for.

Two-Way Stretch

Now that dream is dead. The Fourth Republic is like the Third—only worse. Its Constitution is based upon two totally contradictory ideas: that the function of the state must be greatly broadened, and that the government's powers must be diminished.

Before the war the French state owned and managed the nation's railroads, the telephone and telegraph system, the production of tobacco and matches, and the aviation industry. After the war the state nationalized coal mining, banking (to a large extent), the Renault automobile and armament factory, and radio and television. It also became the majority stockholder in the French Line, Air France, France-Presse (news agency), Havas (advertising), and in the National Company for the River Rhône (electric power). It was handed any number of monopolies, including one over the use of atomic power, a projected development of the Sahara, etc.

Not only did the state go into industrial ownership and management but it was compelled to assume the whole burden of social security. It had to meet the deficit in old-age pensions and social insurance, and it had to set salaries and prices. Finally, through its Six-Year Plan, it undertook the rigid control of the nation's economy.

But while requiring all this of the government, the Constitution relentlessly limited the government's authority. The men who wrote the Constitution had all sorts of reasons for wanting to keep the powers of the French state under strict control. They had been united in the Resistance, but by the time they wrote the Constitution they were looking after their own divergent interests. The Communists hoped that a parliamentary government would favor their own accession to power. Impenitently optimistic, the Socialists sought to give the citizens' representatives full freedom to demonstrate the Socialists' feeling for brotherhood.

In the name of the "revolutionary message of the Gospel," as they put it, the Christian Democrats backed the Socialists. As for the Radicals, who had governed France between the two wars and for that very reason were considered responsible for all past errors, they were only a handful. But they were even less disposed than the others to give power to the state, since those who headed it at the time were opposed to the policy of nationalization and social security.

Twenty years earlier Alain, a political philosopher and widely read Radical theorist, had written: "Resistance and obedience are the two virtues of the citizen. Through resistance he gains order, through obedience freedom."

Meeting Nonexistent Danger

Such was the theoretical background of the Fourth Republic's Constitution. There was something else: Everyone feared de Gaulle. He was President of the Provisional Government of 1944-1946, and he was so popular that—had he wished—he could have set up a régime which if not an out-and-out dictatorship would at least have been authoritarian. We know now, and there can be no quibbling about it, that he deliberately refused to do so. The joke is that the 1946 Constitution with its legalistic paper obstacles and formulas would never have stopped de Gaulle if he had entertained the Caesar-like propensities attributed to him at the time. The fact is that he was determined to re-establish a free republic. The fact also, however regrettable, is that he did not look like a real republican. He was too solemn; he sounded out of place in the Palais Bourbon. Léon Blum, as so often, saw what was wrong: "The General stands for but does not embody democracy."

Deliberately, the Constituent Assembly devised every kind of brake to prevent the government, and particularly the head of the government, from getting anywhere. No one foresaw that de Gaulle would soon retire from the scene. And so it was that the head of the government, elected by an all-powerful Assembly, harassed at every turn by interfering parliamentary commissions, threatened with dismissal by the slightest change of parliamentary opinion, could feel sure of only one thing: that after six months or so of sleepless nights, he would fall, what-

ever he did. It is no exaggeration to say that for the frayed nerves of a French Premier and his Ministers there is no other prospect of relief than in defeat.

The Middle Plays Both Ends

The weakness of a French Cabinet, prescribed by the Constitution, is furthered by the nation's politics.

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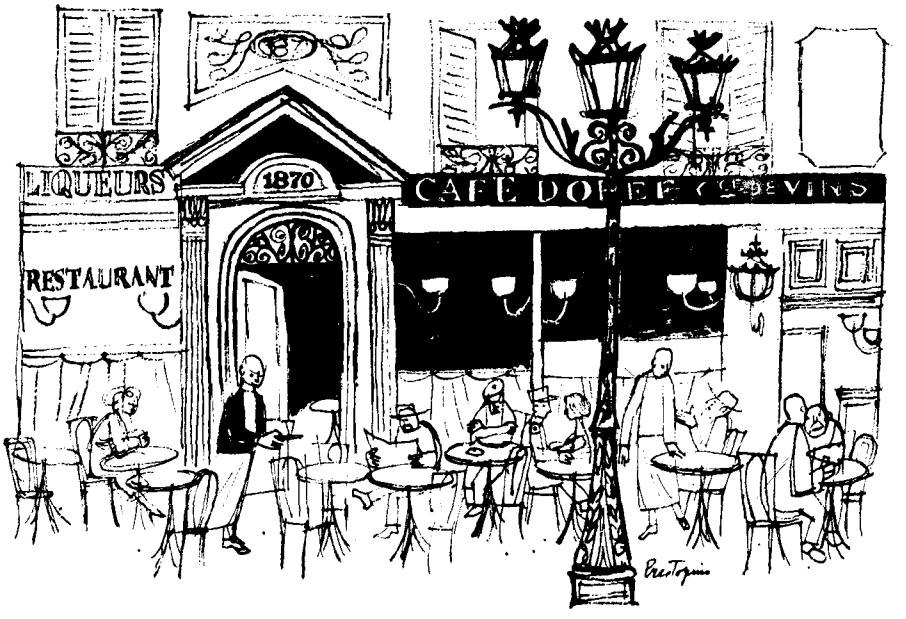
One-fifth of the electorate votes Communist; another fifth Gaullist, or more recently for the emotional protest movement with which Pierre Poujade has managed to excite a considerable number of Frenchmen. No Cabinet can be formed without the support of almost all the voting power of the Center. The inevitable consequence is that every Cabinet will reflect the divided opinions of the promiscuous coalition that gives it a parliamentary majority.

Under these impossible conditions, a series of Cabinets have been managing the affairs of state as best they could in the hope that the electorate some day would make things easier by providing a stable majority to support consistent action. The 1956 elections provided no such majority. Consequently the present government turns one day to the Right for a working majority, the next to the Communists, until the time comes when either the Communists or the Right get tired of the game. The government will then fall.

"MAKE PEACE; and if you can't, give us a king," the Socialist Marcel Sembat exasperatedly remarked back before the First World War. Sembat, a doctrinaire idealist, was the last man in the world to want a king. What he meant was that France could tolerate an inefficient and wasteful form of government only so long as the country did not face any external threat or crisis.

France, as the French are so fond of saying, "has everything needed for happiness." It has a dependable civil service. Its workmen and peasants love their craft, its Army is dutiful and patriotic, its educational system is alert and progressive, arts and letters are a national concern, and its industry, having recovered from the war, is going ahead. France should be able to live on its momentum within the framework of comfortable, if anarchic, institutions. That indeed could be possible if France were alone in the world. But for twenty years France has been faced with outside pressures that only a strong and effective national French government could possibly cope with. After Hitler and the Occupation, there was the cold war, the Indo-China War, the costly bill for French rearmament, and the bitter necessity to agree to Germany's rearmament and face the possibility that Bonn would come to mean more than Paris in world affairs.

Today the nation must meet the tremendous problem of transforming its colonial empire into a free union of peoples. To even the most obtuse politician it is becoming evident



that only if the country takes itself in hand can it stand firm against the ever swifter current that is sweeping those lands of North Africa from where, thirteen years ago, the armies of liberation sailed.

Mutual Distrust

Under its present Constitution the nation can only drift, and the French Parliament knows it. This is shown by the amendments Parliament has passed in recent years. The powers of the Council of the Republic, whose role originally was entirely consultative, have been increased; the operations by which a Premier is selected have been somewhat simplified; a Premier has exercised his power to close a parliamentary session by decree and call for elections. But the conviction is more and more widespread that such reforms, though useful, do not go to the heart of the matter and are not enough to meet the essential requirements of a democratic system.

The men of the Left are greatly afraid of some sort of fascist-military *coup d'état* that would put an end to the temporizing colonial policies of the present government, and would involve the country in an all-out North African war. Such a coup, of course, would suppress all opposition. The men of the Right fear that the movement for a cease-fire in Algeria will lead one day or another to a Popular Front government that would soon put the Communists on top. As in 1936, any reactionary attempt—with or without violence—might well make a Popular Front government unavoidable. In the new climate of destalinization such a government is much less unlikely than it was a little earlier.

For years both foreign observers and French politicians alike have counted on France's deep attachment to freedom. There has been a tendency to minimize the dangers that threaten the nation's democratic institutions. But a little while ago an election took place in the Department of the Oise in which candidates supporting the régime received 57,000 votes and candidates opposed to it, 124,000. Such returns, to say the least, are disturbing. A Cabinet Minister said lately: "Yes, Algeria is in danger. But republican institutions are in even greater danger."

A Presidential System?

It is in this troubled atmosphere that proposals for a "Presidential régime" have been made this year. What is proposed is a system comparable to

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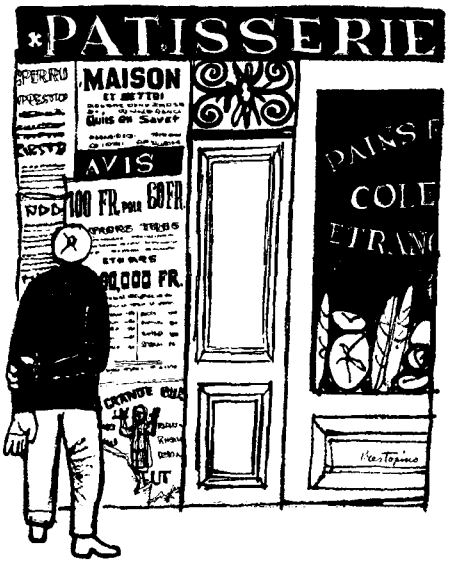
that which has worked so well in the United States, in which the Chief Executive is elected by universal suffrage and not by the Legislative Branch, and in which separate powers balance and check each other. The men who make these proposals are not theoretical dilettantes. They belong to a study group presided over by Christian Pineau, now Foreign Minister. Its other members are also outstanding figures in the nation's politics. Most of them fought in the Resistance and stand left of Center. The proposals have aroused great interest.

Practically speaking, of course, any discussion about a new Presidential system comes down to the question of who could be elected President. There are few possible candidates. Ex-Premiers Pinay and Mendès-France both have had their hour of popularity, and the latter still has active and numerous supporters. But Mendès-France is detested by the Right and by most of those who favor European unification. He could not be elected without the Communist vote, and he seems less willing than ever to seek it. Moreover the Communists would never support a man who because of his strong and domineering character could never become their mouth piece. Among the other ex-Premiers, some, like Edgar Faure, Maurice Schuman, Henri Queuille, or Paul Ramadier, are strong in their home departments; the same goes for the present Premier, Guy Mollet—but not one of them has a national following. And so it would be outside Parliament that one would have to look for a candidate.

Pierre Poujade would run. But his personality is too shallow; his incapacity to follow up his success in the last elections is too obvious, and the postponement of his "March on Paris" has not contributed to his prestige.

Many people have thought of Marshal Juin. But although his entourage has urged him to enter politics, he has not shown the slightest desire to do so. Those who suggest that he has dictatorial ambitions misjudge him greatly. He is a man with a taste for aloofness, and if he ever did become Chief of State it is highly probable that he would leave politics to the brilliant and pushing young generals around him who dream of Franco.

The name of the Count of Paris, pretender to the throne, is mentioned frequently. The Fourth Republic has allowed him to return from exile. Broadmindedness, charm, and dignity have won him admirers and friends. In politics, he is not very far from Mendès-France. He would get votes from the Left because of what he stands for, and from the Right because of the family he belongs to. Many Socialists faced with the choice between a general and this prince would choose the prince.



That does not mean that he could be elected. The French cheer royalty when it drives up the Champs Elysées on state visits to Paris, but that does not mean they are inclined to re-establish a system that they think archaic.

Shades of Napoleon (III)

Of all candidates, the strongest would still be de Gaulle. He has somewhat tempered the attitude of proud reserve that he assumed after the failure of the political party—the Rassemblement du Peuple Français—that he organized. He has been in contact with a number of politicians, especially with Mendès-France, one of the few democratic politicians, if not the only one, with whom the General feels that he has something in common. In a speech to the veterans of the Maquis, his first since 1954, he said that a people "who for seventeen years have never stopped fighting" could still afford to hope. He intimated that if he were called on to lead he would answer the call.

The General still is a political force that must be taken into account. The proud memories he revives, the ring of grandeur he gives to all he touches, keep many devoted to him and attract new followers. Those who live in a spirit of nostalgia for Vichy hate him, but this only serves to reassure those who want to restore the authority of the state yet insist on maintaining the Republic and freedom.

If a Presidential system on the American pattern were ever established in France, de Gaulle would be a strong candidate. For this reason, if for no other, politicians comfortably installed within the present system are not eager for innovation. Even if de Gaulle were elected, he might not obtain a strong enough majority to govern. He might still not represent the nation.

Finally those who oppose creating a Presidential régime bring up a question hard to answer. If the Executive has the legislature against him, who breaks the stalemate? We cannot forget that a century ago France did have a Presidential system—France has tried everything—and that the President got himself named Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

Another Proposal

The Deputies are moving toward a difficult constitutional reform, one that would also change radically the relationship between Parliament and Administration. This project would at last give the Premier and the Cabinet the stability indispensable to long-term action. It is proposed to have the Premier elected by the Assembly for its full term. He would select and dismiss the members of his Cabinet. When deadlocked with the Legislative Branch, he would dissolve it and call for general elections. Parliament would automatically dissolve if it voted a motion of censure against the Premier.

This plan is advocated by statesmen, jurists, high government officials, and labor leaders. They reported their views in *Demain*, a weekly of Socialist tendencies. These

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men represented widely diverging thought, but they joined in proposing their plan because, dissatisfied with the present system, they were unwilling to gamble with the risk of an authoritarian Presidential system. Among them were two former Premiers, Edgar Faure and René Pleven.

Theirs is not empty talk. Before the Suez crisis a campaign had been launched to call a special session of Parliament to study the plan. Obviously, Suez has overshadowed all other problems for a while. But the crucial problems of Algeria and of constitutional reform cannot be avoided. They are closely linked. France, no less than Algeria, is in need of responsible spokesmen.

WITHIN a few months new elections could be held if the new plan were adopted. Then the Deputies would choose a Premier who could hold office, not just until the Legislative Branch got tired of him, or he of it, but for the term of the elected Deputies. If this took place it would be the salvation of the Republic to which France, in spite of everything, remains so attached. It is true that institutions are not everything. Good or bad, they are worth no more than the use men

make of them. But the present system makes all men of good will feel hopeless. It cannot be maintained without peril to the Republic.

Tragedy of Hatred: The Arab Refugees

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

"EVERY DAY I teach my daughter to hate the Jews."

These bitter words came not from a wretched Arab peasant in the tent of a refugee camp but from an educated white-collar representative of a special United Nations agency. Most of his fellow employees in the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Middle East (UNRWA) share these hostile sentiments.

There are more than 900,000 Palestinian refugees, all of them supposed to be former residents of what is now Israel. The refugees say they were forced off their land by the Israelis during the Arab-Israeli War of 1948; the Israelis say the Arabs left of their own free will in spite of invitations to stay. Now the Arabs insist on repatriation. The Israelis say they will indemnify the Arabs for any loss of property and pay for their resettlement elsewhere, but they refuse to take back the refugees, saying it would be national suicide for a country of two million to admit nearly a million persons openly dedicated to destruction of the state.

Whichever version of the original displacement is correct—and it is quite possible they are both true in their own way—and no matter which solution is justified at this time, the important point now is that violent recapture of land is intolerable if peace of the Middle East and perhaps of the world is to be preserved.

The result of the refugee impasse is almost a million idle, bitter, nihilistic people, seething in desert wretchedness for their ninth year, anxious to spearhead a bloody war whenever the Arab governments give the word—and maybe sooner.

Because it was evident that the refugee problem constituted a grave threat to peace as well as a monumental human tragedy, the United Nations in 1949 created UNRWA to feed and house the refugees and to find some way of providing a permanent productive life for them. Two-thirds of them live in towns with friends or relatives and are fed by UNRWA. But one-third, about 368,000, live in refugee camps, fifty-eight "temporary" settlements of tents, huts, and stone cottages scattered throughout Lebanon, Syria, Egypt's Gaza Strip, and in Jordan, flat desert communities ranging in population from ninety-two in Latakia to forty thousand in the vast sprawling below-sea-level camp in the dust of the Jordan Valley. UNRWA spends about $30 million a year providing food, shelter, special infant and mother care, medical treatment, education, and training for the refugees, of which the United States pays seventy per cent and Britain twenty.

FOR THE INDIVIDUAL refugee his personal horizon, like his geographical one, is simple and brutal: Take back the land and push the Israelis into the sea. This grim slogan is repeated thousands of times daily in the Arab countries surrounding Israel, an expression of violence and tragedy that has not been softened by years of bleak, idle existence in the desert.

Neither has it been softened by the daily declarations of the Arab governments, nor by Soviet propaganda that has deftly turned this hatred into rejection of the entire West. Nor, unhappily, has it been softened by the United Nations representatives themselves.

UNRWA employs 9,964 persons, of whom only 166 are international personnel. The other 9,798 are refugees who make up the mass of contacts between the U.N. and the camps. It is natural enough that the U.N. employ these former Palestinians. Indeed, it is a practical necessity in a part of the world where educated workers are not easily found in any numbers. In addition, these men can establish rapport with

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the camp populations, no easy task. They have great loyalty to UNRWA's first mission, that of feeding the refugees and administering to their daily needs. At times the refugee employees have acted with unusual courage and devotion, occasionally calming down the wilder elements in the camps who want even to reject the food.

'Only One Solution'

But on the second mission of UNRWA, the peaceful resettlement of the refugees, these UNRWA employees are negative.

"There is only one possible solution," one said flatly. "Take back our land and push the Jews into the sea."

"I hold nothing against you as an American," another said. "I know that many Americans understand our problem. But how can we trust the American government when eighty-four per cent of American business is controlled by Jews and ninety-five per cent of the press is owned by Zionists?" These same "statistics" seem to be part of the Arab League-Russian catechism. I heard them from one end of the Arab lands to the other.

Another UNRWA man said: "The United Nations will do nothing to help the refugees get back their land. It will do whatever the United States wants, and the United States is controlled by Jews. If we want our land back we will get it only by force." Still another, in an unguarded moment one night, declared passionately: "Let the United States keep its hands out of it! Leave it to us. We will take care of the Jews. But if America interferes, let it be sure of this: If it sends ten thousand troops, Russia will send a hundred thousand!"

One morning, Hussan Amad, acting head of a UNRWA vocational school in Kalandia, Jordan, a modern boarding institute giving a free two-year course in eleven different trades, interrupted a description of the school's work to declare: "No matter what UNRWA does, it cannot solve the refugee problem!"

AMAD'S WAS NOT an isolated opinion, in the camps or out of them. Whatever smacks of productive life among the refugees is regarded as a plot to make the Arabs forget about marching back into Israel. This may explain why, in spite of the fact that about a quarter of a million young people live in the empty isolation of the desert refugee camps, fewer than a thousand have applied for admission to the vocational school in three years.

The fierce conviction of most of the UNRWA staff itself that violent reentry into Israel is the only solution does more than discourage productive living. It cancels the only remaining means of introducing reason and understanding into the refugee camps.

Poison from Radio Cairo

When the war of 1948 came, the refugees flowed over the borders into surrounding desert, which offered nothing but poverty and unemployment, and not even the comfort of physical beauty. They found themselves among indigenous populations almost as destitute as they.

For example, in the Gaza Strip, a coastal ribbon of sand twenty-five miles long and four miles wide, there is almost nothing to support life. The city of Gaza used to be a port for warehousing and shipping wheat and barley from Beersheba, which is now in Israel. Most of the 98,000 people of Gaza used to work a few miles away in more fertile farmland that now lies on the other side of the frontier. At precisely the moment when all means of earning a living disappeared, the population tripled with the influx of 216,000 refugees. In Syria, two per cent of the population is refugees; in Lebanon, seven per cent; in Jordan, fifty-six per cent. It takes little additional irritation to rouse such people.

UNFORTUNATELY, the additional irritants are not little. There are, first of all, President Nasser of Egypt and the rising fury of Arab nationalism. Every day, hour after hour, Radio Cairo and the Voice of the Arabs turn on the refugees a stream of hatred against Israel, against the West, against moderation. The Radio Cairo broadcasts are almost religious episodes in the lives of the refugees. The phrases that come out of the UNRWA-provided radios are repeated verbatim in all the camps. The "eighty-four per cent—ninety-five-per cent" statistics were repeated throughout the Middle East, along with other inflammatory declarations: "God has sent us a man named Abdel Nasser who will lift us up, and he has found an ally, Russia, who will help us. We will march into Israel and take back our homes and push the Jews into the sea." Every voice in the Arab world seems to be singing this hymn of hate today, and all of it funnels into the refugee camps. On Friday, July 13, all the Moslems in Syria heard sermons saying that it was treason for any Moslem to contemplate peace with Israel.

At the same time, Russia has quietly channeled all this hatred in the direction of the West. Educated Arabs will say: "What has the United States ever done for us? Look what Russia is doing!" Told that the United States is providing three-quarters of all the technical aid and industrial development of their lands whereas Russia has not provided one ruble or a single technician, they simply look blank.

Class warfare and extremism are easy to propagate among people surrounded by brutal poverty and suffering, nursing a continuing grievance, and living without hope of peaceful improvement. According to

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informed Arabs, most of the teachers used in UNRWA schools are either Marxist or revolution-oriented; the only literature getting into the camps, they say, is Communist literature. Looking at the abysmal gap between the haves and have-nots in the Middle East and watching Russia sitting patiently in the wings, one would think that Arab leaders would fear even Abdel Nasser's use of the word "revolution."

Governmental Sabotage

The turmoil is stirred ever faster by national governments whose appetites and ambitions have seized upon the U.N. program. In Jordan, for example, the biggest enterprise in the country is the UNRWA relief program. It spends more money than the entire civil budget of the national government. The 512,000 refugees, now citizens of Jordan, live at a higher level of nutrition and education than the native Jordanians.

Like any big business, UNRWA has caught the eye of the government, or at least of men influential in the government. The Jordanian government, for example, has tried to control UNRWA's personnel. It has restricted UNRWA's right to import food for the refugees and is trying to make the U.N. take out commercial import licenses. The government attached UNRWA assets in a Jordanian bank in an attempt to collect a judgment by a Jordanian court which, the government had agreed on a diplomatic level, had no jurisdiction.

As an official UNRWA report declared, "Differences between the government [of Jordan] and the Agency over the extent of control which the former wishes to exercise over the latter's operations and over the selection, appointment, and promotion of Agency personnel continued to be largely responsible for . . . slow progress."

Other Arab governments have tried to force UNRWA to buy food from favored suppliers and, when not successful, imposed embargoes on food from other sources, even if such measures endangered refugee diets. In Syria the government has refused entry to some UNRWA employees and ordered others to leave without notice when its plans for control of policies have been frustrated. Syria

also attached UNRWA funds and tried to levy an income tax on salaries of both Syrian and non-Syrian employees of UNRWA, although all are exempt as employees of the U.N. What is more, Syria tried to make UNRWA pay the tax directly from its own funds.

The most flagrant gesture to encourage refugee nonco-operation has been the refusal of the Arab governments to permit UNRWA to count the refugees to whom it issues rations and supplies. After an abortive attempt in 1951, accompanied by riots and passive resistance from both camps and national governments, the U.N. has abandoned the project. There has never been a comprehensive census of the refugees.

Elders and Nostalgia

Within their own camps there is no voice of moderation. The refugees are ruled by the elders, undeviating apostles of revenge and invasion. At times even UNRWA personnel have difficulty speaking to refugees because of objections by the elders. There is little freedom of movement within the camps unless they approve. It is said that all mail is censored by them.

Not long ago I was surrounded by young men in the Deir Ammar refugee camp in Jordan, after initial objections by the elders. When one replied, to a question, that the best thing for the young men to do is speak what is in their minds, he added, "But the police and old men won't let us." The police no doubt protect visitors to the camps, but they sometimes serve other functions. When an American reporter told some refugees sympathetically, "I wish every American could visit this camp," and the non-English-speaking refugees asked the ever-present policeman to interpret, he told them in Arabic: "This American is all right but remember that the Jews in the United States control the American government."

About twenty per cent of the refugees are too young to have seen the lost land, and in a few years the percentage will be doubled. But the impulse to recapture the land violently is, if anything, stronger among the young. Like the White Russians, whose noble rank increased with every decade in exile, the young Arab refugees each year enlarge the family estate that awaits them in the distant haze "over there." Young men speak of panoramas of rich vineyards and tree-shaded mansions of which their families have been cruelly but only temporarily deprived. Actually, most of the refugees were holders of the usual pitifully small land parcels.

In any case, the refugees harbor real grievances that are exploited from all sides to produce hostility, encouragement to revolt, and non-

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co-operation in the solution of their own problems.

The Tiny Voices

There are a few voices of understanding in the Arab world but they seldom reach the refugee camps. One that did was all but silenced by the refugees themselves. It was that of Musa el-Alami, a distinguished Palestinian lawyer before he himself became a refugee.

For many years, even before the war of 1948, Musa el-Alami had devoted himself to agricultural programs that would raise the standard of living among Arabs. To persuade the western powers that the refugees should not be moved to distant Iraq and other more fertile lands, Musa el-Alami began an ambitious project to prove that there could be profitable farming in the theretofore sterile Jordan Valley, where most of the 900,000 refugees sit idly in their camps. His Arab Development Society obtained help from the Ford Foundation, and in two years he had twenty-five wells producing water within sight of the dry refugee camps. Last year he had two thousand acres under cultivation, in banana trees, vines, citrus trees, cotton, potatoes, and date palms. His project had mod-

ern plumbing, asphalt roads, clinics, schools, and icehouses. Twelve hundred refugees worked for wages, at the same time learning new agricultural skills. It was the largest single source of employment for the refugees outside UNRWA itself.

The long white main building still bears a plaque reading "This building has been made possible through the generous grant of the Ford Foundation, 1954." But on either side of the plaque are hundreds of windows—all smashed. On December 18 last year thirty thousand refugees bearing torches marched out of a nearby camp and into Musa el-Alami's project. They stripped the students of their clothes, made a huge mound of blankets, clothing, furniture, trucks, tractors, and other equipment and set fire to the plantation. They killed twenty thousand chickens and destroyed gardens and orchards. The project is dormant today, and most of the refugees who used to work there sit idly in the camps.

Musa el-Alami is trying to rebuild the project, without illusions and without bitterness. "The refugees have grievances. They were organized. For three days representatives from other camps gathered at this one before the attack. They were incited by demagogues to destroy this place. They were told that I was an agent of the West and that this project was a symbol of western imperialism. The government of Jordan knew they were coming here but it did nothing to warn us or protect us. I was in Beirut or they would have killed me. My assistant was left for dead."

After the riot, he said, the leaders of the mob came to apologize and express their dismay at what they had done. "They said they had been misled," he declared. "But they will do it again."

Musa el-Alami is not accused of being pro-Israeli. He believes the Israelis usurped Arab land and should return it. "But it will do no good to kill." The real reason for the riot, he said, was more basic to refugee psychology and to the plans of many Arab governments: "Whatever gives the refugees hope is considered treason."

ANOTHER VOICE of understanding in the Arab world is that of the Druse leader, Kemal Jumblatt, who spoke one morning in a room of his ancestral home high in the mountains of Lebanon. This quiet young man speaks with the gentleness of a Gandhi, yet he speaks with author-

ity for the hundred thousand Lebanese members of his secret sect (sometimes called the "Protestants of Islam"); for the Socialists of Lebanon, of whom he is the head; and as a political leader. He too is devoted to the future of the Arab peoples and disapproves of Israel's actions. "But it is not just a matter of a small nation, Israel," he said. "It is not right that we should kill Jews and push them into the sea as they themselves have done with Arabs. Israel is real. You cannot make history turn back. It is true that Arab nationalism is being led by some Arab leaders who let this feeling for violence grow and grow. But we in the Arab world must be afraid of this. We cannot afford violence at this time of history."

(There may be some significance in the fact that among the recent border incidents was an Arab raid into an Arab village in Israel where several Druses were killed.)

No Silver Lining

But the Musa el-Alamis and the Kemal Jumblatts go unheeded. Theirs are not the sentiments of Radio Cairo, of the teachers, of the elders of the camps, of the employees of UNRWA itself.

One can see no sinister plot in this. The use of refugees by UNRWA is almost inescapable. The head of the Kalandia vocational school, who insisted that projects like his must not solve the refugee problem, declares that every day he can look

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across the frontier and see his old home. The man who insisted that ninety-five per cent of the American press is owned by Zionists says he left his home in Lydda at gunpoint during the war.

These and thousands of others like them are the tragic residue of wars. With most wars, time heals the wounds. Time has not healed the refugees'. The instant response of nearly a million eager people to any call to war encourages governments to plan for bloody conflict rather than social improvement. It has resulted also in an almost complete loss of confidence in the United Nations—in countries where a greater percentage of the population is kept alive by the U.N. than anywhere else in the world.

Even the future of UNRWA's vital help is never completely safe. Henry R. Labouisse, director of the agency, has said: "In the final analysis . . . our ability to carry on will depend on the attitude of the refugees and on that of the host governments."

It is here that UNRWA's problems became almost incredible. Part of the mission of the agency is to rehabilitate the refugees permanently. For years the Agency has had a $200-million fund for this purpose alone. It is virtually untouched. Two of the projects it had planned, the Yarmuk-Jordan irrigation plan and the Sinai project in Egypt, would have given permanent, fruitful lives to one-fourth of the refugees. But these projects for which money and manpower are waiting are held up by Arab insistence on violent revenge.

"The agency," Labouisse reported recently, "has so far been able to reintegrate or rehabilitate a relatively small number of people whereas the relief rolls continue to grow." One reason for this, he said, is that the refugees and Arab governments "are bitterly critical . . . that the General Assembly resolution on repatriation and compensation has not been enforced."

Oddly enough, the resolution that the Arabs bitterly insist should be enforced says: "Refugees wishing to return to their homes and live in peace with their neighbors should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date . . ."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

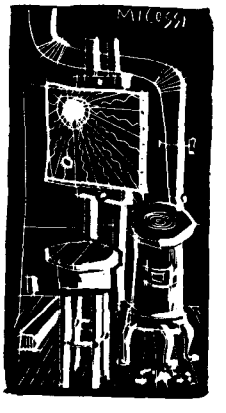
The Visual Arts In a People's Republic

GEORGE BIDDLE

BUCHAREST

WHAT interested me most as an American artist upon my arrival in Romania was to learn how art is taught in the state-controlled schools, what the government does for the artist as to prestige and economic security, and what the results were like. My questions were answered with obvious pride and eagerness by young artists and corroborated by museum directors, officers of the Artists' Union, and members of the Institute of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

Students of approximately high-school age may compete through ex-



amination in drawing, painting, and composition for entrance to the Institute of Plastic Arts, the state-controlled national art academy. The Institute has three departments, or sections: Plastic Arts with painting, sculpture, and graphics; Decorative Arts with stage design, fresco painting, ceramics, and textiles; and Art Theory, devoted to art history, aesthetics, and criticism.

A Thorough Training

Each section admits only five students annually—fifteen new students for the entire school. The full course of study at the Institute covers five years, with an additional year in which to carry out a project for a diploma.

Tuition is free. Besides this those who live with their families in Bucharest are allowed a monthly stipend of three hundred lei—fifty dollars—and an additional allowance for art materials. Out-of-town students are provided with board and lodging, though their money allowance is somewhat smaller.

Students must pass examinations at the end of the first semester and at the end of each school year.

At the beginning of the sixth year the successful students may choose their own project for a diploma—an easel or decorative painting, a sculptural composition, or a historical thesis. The theme of their projects must be approved, however, by the full body of the faculty. The diploma students are furnished with studios, models, working materials, and the same money allowance as before. Honor students, however, are given an additional stipend of fifty lei a month. Two or three of the most brilliant are awarded a Nicolai Grigorescu or a Ion Andrescu Stipendium, which carries an additional two hundred lei. If one takes into consideration the deplorably low living standards of the country, the graduating diploma students are given a money allowance, apart from free tuition, studios, and art materials, approximately equivalent to a Romanian domestic's or farm worker's wage. The brilliant honor students have in ready cash the equivalent of a schoolteacher's salary.

The young Romanian artist's days of apprenticeship are now over. For five years he has been given a thorough academic training: drawing

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from models, composition, perspective, and anatomy; art history and theory, and the techniques of the various crafts. For a year he has been on his own on a personally selected project. Of course he must have passed his examinations, and in the rigidly state-controlled academy of a totalitarian country he must have strictly conformed to standards—both ideological and aesthetic. Deficiency in drawing, a leaning to abstract expressionism, or philosophic

deviation would forever cut him off from a successful career and the harvest of state commissions from the Ministry of Culture.

Security Par Excellence

Now he has his diploma and it assures him further privileges. First and most important is automatic enrollment in the powerful Artists' Union, without which a professional career would be impossible. Membership, a young diploma painter told me, carries a premium of perhaps three thousand lei—five hundred dollars—and for two years an additional annual payment of five hundred lei. The student has a right to a studio if one is available, and more studios are being built in a charming wooded park not far from the center of Bucharest. If he wishes to leave the capital during the hot summer months he may take a free vacation to any one of the various Creative Centers, many of them former tourist hotels in the mountains or at watering resorts on the Black Sea: at Petra Neamt, Baia-Mare, Constanta, or Timisoara. If he wishes to work there he may remain for prolonged periods.

Members of the Artists' Union receive government commissions from time to time. Here again they may suggest—subject to official approval—their own project: a mural or easel painting, the dimensions of the canvas, and the approximate time for carrying out the work. If the project is long, the artist gets a monthly advance, with a final settlement on the termination and acceptance of his work. A member of the Institute of Cultural Relations told me that successful artists earn as much as and sometimes more than successful surgeons or engineers.

Painters, sculptors, writers, and composers are among the privileged few in Romania. Artistic talent can open the road to a free education. A diploma brings with it the assurance of economic security. Professional ability is rewarded by government commissions and social prestige, *if*—if in this monolithic state-controlled and state-organized pattern the artist conforms to the rigid standards of aesthetic taste and ideological content imposed from Moscow. For although anyone may submit his work in applying for membership to the Artists' Union, there are no private schools where he may study. And although non-Union artists may submit their work to the few annual state-controlled exhibitions, the only galleries in Romania are owned by the state and run for the sole benefit of members of the Artists' Union.

The People's Republic is proud of what it does for its painters, sculptors, writers, and musicians. It gives them what the New Deal art projects gave our mural painters and needy artists in terms of jobs and economic support, but on a more generous and highly organized scale. It offers to the youth of the entire nation what our various foundations and university or art-school scholarships do in a far more limited way in paying for the education of students who have shown artistic aptitude or creative talent. In comparison with other professions the artist's economic position in Romania is certainly more secure and his social prestige higher than in America.

The Young Fogies

So much for the artists. How about the art—the creative performance in a country that once prided itself on its western culture? Among the older painters and sculptors I saw much capable academic work that would have qualified for admission to the national societies of sculpture and mural painting the world over. I saw the work of only one artist that deeply moved me, that of the sculptor Cornell Medrea, a man in his sixties, who had studied in Budapest.

In various exhibitions I saw something of the work of the younger artists. It was on a level with the painting of well-trained academic students, of the exhibits of the National Academy of Design thirty years ago, or that shown at the Neue Ausstellung in Munich at the turn of the century.

A few of the talks I had with painters, museum directors, and members of the Institute of Cultural Relations will give a clearer picture of the critical standards of a country that has been cut off from any contact with the West for nearly twelve years.

Down with Aesthetics!

A member of the Institute told me: "Of course it is better now. For about a year things have loosened up. Before that we were not even allowed to exhibit landscapes or nudes. They kept our painters' noses to the grindstone pounding out Russian Realism. You can't imagine the excitement when Czechoslovakian and Yugoslav art was recently exhibited here. Little by little, things will loosen up."

A young artist, a member of the Union with whom I chatted in whispers at the Russian exhibition of contemporary art, echoed the same refrain: "Yes, things are better.

Since the Geneva Conference we can exhibit landscapes. But no nudes yet. And before that even propaganda was not enough. It had to be in the nonformalist style of Russian Realism."

The reaction toward such non-

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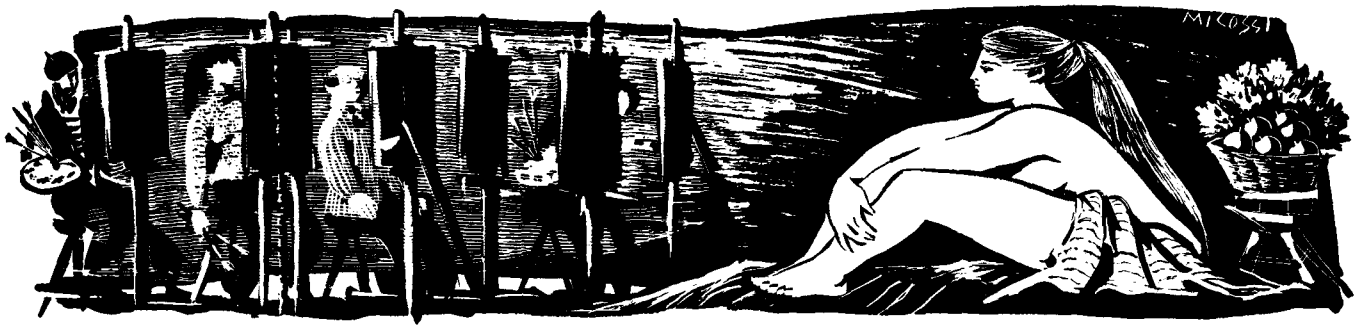


formalist Russian Realism varied with the individual, and to some degree with the age of the artist. I asked one young sculptor what he thought of the Russian exhibition. A long pause.

"I thought some of the paintings were very fine."

"Which paintings?"

Another pause. "I think some of the portraits were good. What did you think of their works?"

"I think both from the point of view of human sentiment and of technical craft, it was the most vulgar exhibition I have ever seen. I feel mortified and ashamed to think that art can be degraded to such a level."

A pause, and perhaps a little wistfully: "The aesthetic quality will come later."

On every level artists and intellectuals were friendly and eager to hear what was happening in the outside world. We got along in French, sometimes in German, less frequently in English. A little double talk occasionally eased the flow of ideas. At a formal gathering I was again approached by a painter about my reaction to the Russian show. Courteously but firmly, I gave him the same objective appraisal.

"That is because you do not understand the contribution of Russian art. It has revolutionized European painting by injecting into it something far more important than formal values."

Not wishing to become entangled in an ideological discussion, I suggested that even in Russian paintings quite free from political or philosophical implication—the few landscapes, bits of still-life painting, an occasional portrait study—the color, drawing, and paint texture were technically inferior to the work of Russian academic artists of fifty years ago. "They are far inferior to your own contemporary painters," I added. He nodded in approval. The conversation drifted into the safer channels of student reminiscence. It turned out that he, too, had studied and exhibited in Paris in the 1920's; had known Pascin and listened to Brancusi fulminate against *"le biftek de Michelange."* He had sipped *porto-à-l'eau* at the Dôme and greatly admired Modigliani's Caryatides and George Grosz's satirical drawings.

Absolute Limited Freedom

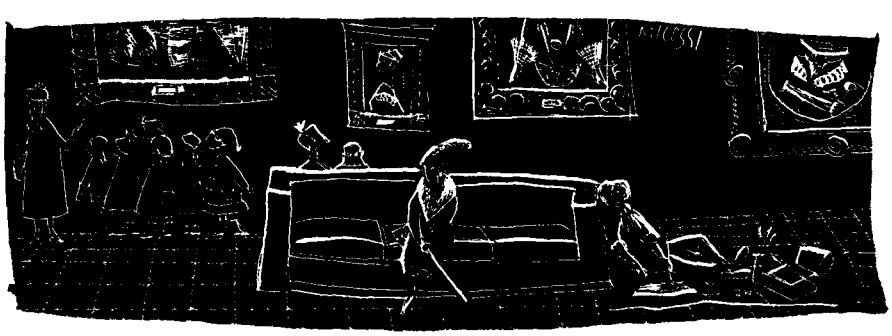
With some of the older intellectuals, the "elder statesmen" whose international reputation left them immune to criticism of deviation, conversation at times could be disarmingly frank. Of one such, conducting us through the Museum of Sibiu in Transylvania, a member of our party abruptly asked:

"But how much freedom have artists in Romania?"

Our host stopped and then said with studied deliberation: "Our artists have absolute freedom [a long pause] to paint anything in the non-formalist, non-abstract, and non-expressionist manner."

Everywhere and on all ideological levels were apparent good will, obvious curiosity, and a continually expressed desire for a greater cultural exchange of artists, musicians, and exhibits. Yet everywhere was the unhappy realization that it is not easy to stretch hands across a vacuum. It is so hard to make clear in a short half hour over Black Sea caviar and drinks the texture of a different civilization. Thus it was extremely difficult for me to explain to M. H. Maxy, the director of the National Museum, that our leading museums are not state-owned and state-controlled, and that we have no annual exhibitions organized and judged by the Federal government.

At our first meeting with the officials of the Institute of Cultural Relations, Alexandre Buican, the vice-president, asked me about the possibility of organizing exchange exhibits of American and Romanian art. I told him that our leading art organizations had always believed in and advocated such a policy as being the surest way of establishing a better understanding between countries, and that I would be happy to talk to our Minister, Robert H. Thayer, about the matter. I had several opportunities to do this. Mr. Thayer told me that he believed such cultural exchanges might now be possible and could be extremely useful if the American work were selected by the proper agency—some American museum—and channeled through the sponsorship of the legation. I repeated this to Mr. Buican at our departure. He smiled and said: "I am now going to use a very naughty word. I hope that your visit will have opened a very tiny hole in the *Cortina de Fer.*"



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Three London Plays: Satire, Sex, and a Song

MARYA MANNES

A COLUMNIST in a London paper recently quoted a twenty-year-old debutante of a very "U" family as saying: "I'm going to America. I'm fed up with the absolute lethargy among the better-educated young English. They are dull, bored, and consider discussion on all serious topics non-U." She added: "The future of England lies with the so-called lower or middle classes. I believe these are the people with guts."

This young lady may have been neither typical nor correct, but she does seem to fit in rather neatly with John Rosselli's examination, in the October 18 issue of this magazine, of rebellious English youth as reflected in the play *Look Back in Anger*—almost the only play among five London hits seen by this reviewer that gets under the English skin, that probes, disturbs, and excites.

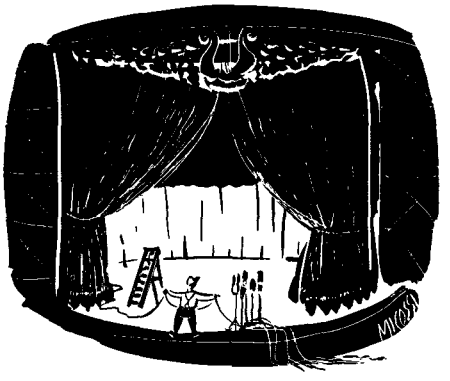
In one respect at least, I believe the disaffected debutante is right: The lack of vitality in the English spirit now seems pronounced. It is true that since the days of Victoria the English public has shrunk from the loud voice, the brutal examination, and all unmannerly displays that leave the flesh and mind raw and visible. The English prefer their emotions properly attired. By now this retreat is almost a rout. Whether it is the result of the long-accumulated fatigues and lacerations of war, or whether it is the kind of barren interval suffered by civilized peoples at certain times, one cannot say.

Whatever its cause, the lethargy is not dispelled by a form of theatrical censorship that forces plays like *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* or *A View from the Bridge* into private clubs, where they cannot contaminate the public at large.

IN THIS muffled English climate, it is small wonder that three of London's stage successes are adaptations of French farces, one is by a comedian-playwright of Russian origin and European tradition, and a fifth is by a Welsh poet who died of drink and revolt. Three American transplants do not concern us here, beyond mentioning that it is an excruciating experience for an American to see *No Time for Sergeants* performed by a British cast—as painful, possibly, as watching Professor Higgins played by Gregory Peck.

Political Charade

The three English productions that seem headed for Broadway, however, warrant comment. Let's begin with *Romanoff and Juliet*, by Peter Us-



tinov. This is a charade, often extremely funny, about the plight of small nations squeezed between great powers. "The main square in the capital city of the smallest country in Europe" is flanked on the one side by the Russian Embassy, on the other by the U.S. Embassy. Romanoff is the son of the Soviet Ambassador, and Juliet is the daughter of the American Ambassador. They are, of course, in love. The filling for this sandwich is The General, amiable and realistic pivot of his small state, who spends his time playing the great powers against each other and bringing the young lovers to each other. Ustinov writes and performs this role brilliantly, an inspired satiric clown. In fact, the moments of sharp political satire his play provides are reminders of how little we have of it and how much we need it.

The direction of this satire is revealing and significant. It is not turned inward, at the British, but outward at the two greater powers. Here again the nature of the satire differs with its direction. Ustinov makes the American Ambassador a colossal fool—crew-cut, nasal, pompous, and inane, with a fluttering, silly wife. The Soviet Ambassador is a rugged old-line revolutionary of definite dignity and courage, qualities shared by his fat and jolly wife. Ustinov has plenty of fun with the party line, but he allows the Russian a speech of genuine emotional power in which, in effect, the party line is repudiated and the party's sins confessed. No profession of human dignity is allowed the American.

The play ends in total fairy-tale amity, with the lovers wed and the powers reconciled. When the audience stands, as it always does, to "God Save the Queen," and then makes its orderly and courteous exit, the laughter prevails over any sting. It will be interesting, however, to find out whether Broadway will see the same U.S. Ambassador that London is seeing with relish.

JEAN ANOUILH'S *Waltz of the Toreadors*, the second New York possibility, is an intermittently amusing study of an old goat—a French general before the First World War—whose amorous instincts die hard. The play is distinguished chiefly by some acute dissertations on the nature of love and by a brilliant performance of a horrifying part: Beatrix Lehmann as the bedridden, violent, despairing wife of General St. Pé, whom she loves and hates with equal ferocity. I would have thought her too uncomfortable for the English audience, but she is offset by the kind of mannered talk of sex, daring in word but discreet in application, so dear to their hearts.

With Anouilh, at least it has polish and point. In *Hotel Paradiso*, another current London hit, it has neither. The mystery is how an actor of Alec Guinness's stature and sensibility could have involved himself in such a tedious and tasteless escapade as this exhumation of an old French farce, and how any audience can laugh at it. But sex in England, as we suspected before, is all right if you don't mean it.

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Dylan Thomas means it in *Under Milk Wood,* a hymn to a Welsh village given its first stage production by Henry Sherek. He means sex, he means bawdry, pity, death, love, and disgust, and he means immense joy in living. He gets away with it because he is a poet, and because his shocking, incandescent vitality—so un-English—is sung rather than spoken, in a wealth of words that few Englishmen (who love their language) can resist.

I had feared before that *Under Milk Wood* might suffer from being seen; it is so real, so magical when just heard. But the direction of Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham and the staging of Michael Trangmar contrive to weave sixty people and sixty voices into one fluid and vibrant whole. And although I wished somehow that the narrator need not be visible, Donald Houston moved and spoke so well, fusing rather than intruding, that my grudge was dispelled. *Under Milk Wood* is passionate and lusty and tender and funny and beautiful.

But even this high mark in the English theater, and even the few barbed moments in *Romanoff and Juliet,* do not disprove the charge that the English theater seems determined to escape the realities of the present and the lives of its men and women. Not one of these plays concerns the world as it is. Not one of them is a mirror for Englishmen. Not one of them has hair under its shirt and blood in its eye and a question mark in its voice. Except, of course, for *Look Back in Anger.*

"If this provokes a storm of angry letters," our debutante was quoted at the end of her tirade, "then I shall be glad. It will show that there are some young people in England who know how to get angry . . . who care."

If there are others besides John Osborne, who wrote *Look Back,* this would be the right time for them to walk onstage.

Can There Be An American C. P. Snow?

HORTENSE CALISHER

The novelist who makes his lifetime work the continuous chronicling of some closed world—one that is limited to a certain set of characters usually further confined by geographical or class milieu—has at once immense advantages of scale, unity and familiarity, if he can live up to them. In Trollope's time his characters, when once fully fashioned, could be moved through various strategies, shifting to a neighboring board now and then, but always fixed in themselves and at the same game—which both eased the author's craft and heightened the reader's entertainment. If social historians are to be trusted, this was possible because the actual world behind the shadow play of Barsetshire was almost as immutably fixed in its rules and as limited by congenially narrow horizons as were Trollope's characters.

My own opinion, which is no more likely to be confirmed than other estimates of the dead by the living, is that past eras were never quite so categorically neat as hindsight would make them. Nevertheless, in those days even so socially aware a novelist as Dickens both raised and solved his issues in terms of the sentimental situation, still sharing with his readers and characters more premises than many are likely to share securely in our time. The novelist, thus freed or healthily restricted, could preoccupy himself with human weakness in an environment already assessed, could still accept a great portion of his world as having been deeded him by a fiat for which he did not hold himself responsible.

Since then, the world, and the novel with it, has been busy investigating its premises. Meanwhile, the pure national currents of literature have long since flowed together, until it is no longer possible to say whether the expression of our underground spiritual agonies derives from Dostoevsky, Thomas Mann, or Céline, our erotic trends from Joyce, Lawrence, or Gide, or whether—as so often seems the case—present-day American writers inherit everything at once by nervously reading one another.

It has become a truism, particularly with us, to note that a world of uncertainty may be good for the democratic process but hard on the novelist, who saw his way so much more clearly in the blessed time of slow trains and few termini. Nowadays he has the double job of finding some homogeneous pattern before he can sit down to describe it. It is this, perhaps, to which V. S. Pritchett alluded when he remarked that the Catholic novelist today had the great advantage of writing against the current of his time. Any reader of Mauriac will know what he means.

The 'Oldest Tradition' Passes

Certainly the American novelist, who draws some of his vitality from taking things harder than anybody else, takes his uncertainty harder than anybody else. Some commentators believe that, as a younger country, we have a national flux added to the general—yet it is a long time since Oscar Wilde observed that America's oldest tradition was her youth. Could it be, contrariwise, that for the first time we see ourselves solidifying into a national character, and that this affrights us? Our unique contributions—Mark Twain, Melville, Faulkner, for instance—have all had a bardically strong regional base, and we now see those regional differences disappearing. Where the canyons have so far escaped the leveling process, the inhabitants have not. Geographical isolation will not be of any more use to us in literature than it will be politically.

Whether or not we like what we see solidifying is another question. Historically it has often been useful

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for a writer to dislike what he sees, but still more valuable for him to know what he likes, and ours is a nation where everyone is heartily pressed to be "individual" but eccentricity is not encouraged. (Not even oppressed—for Americans, despite fugues in that direction, are very tender on the subject of oppression.) Meanwhile the artist, who knows that his eccentricity—in the sense of being outside the circle the better to see it—is important to him, knows also that it cannot be cultivated on short notice, like a Barrow Street beard. The best thing that can happen to him is to be born into a tradition that respects eccentricity, sometimes before understanding it, and will give him time to develop it.

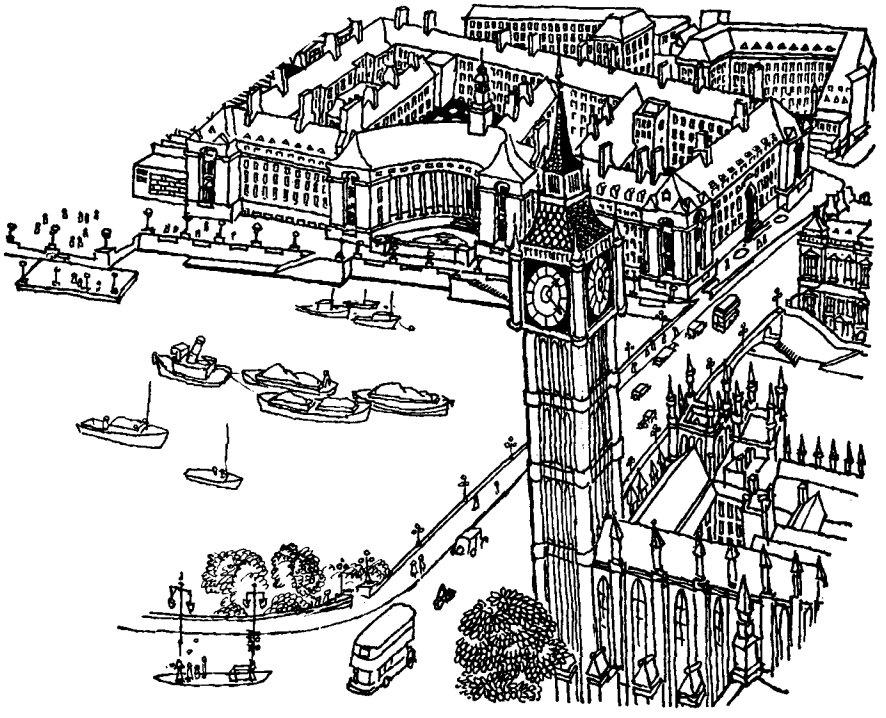
It is no wonder that the American writer, who for so long has been carried on the energy of his great national eccentricity—that barbarian-fresh point of view on which he has leaned as on a tradition—feels lost now that he sees this heritage fading. He is losing his folklore of newness, as an endlessly rich source book or as a substitute for a personal point of view, and he knows it.

Given time, he will go beyond newness to something as yet undreamed. He *is* given time, but not too much of it, and not without grumbling. If he pauses to write of his childhood, he is "retreating"; if he writes of the mad, who sometimes illuminate the sane, he is deserting art for psychiatry (everybody conceivably having forgotten that the one considerably antedates the other); if he begins to feel, with Juvenal, *"difficile est non satiram scribere,"* then he lacks compassion. So it happens that if he does desert "larger issues" in the hope of finding some limited world he knows well, he is sneered at for being aphilanthropic. Cornered in self-consciousness, he often finds himself half agreeing with those who predict the death of the novel, and fearing that he has lost his own faith in it as a "form."

Acceptance and Urgency

When, then, in the midst of such broodings, one encounters a continuous *oeuvre* like C. P. Snow's "Lewis Eliot" sequence, which he has been publishing piecemeal since 1940, one thinks suddenly of how much less often such sequences appear in American literature than in British. As against those British ones which come first to mind—*The Forsyte Saga,* the Tietjens novels of Ford Madox Ford, Lawrence's Brangwens, the works of Henry Handel Richardson and Henry Williamson, the "Eustace" trilogy of L. P. Hartley, the novels of Anthony Dymoke Powell, the work of Joyce Cary and of Snow himself, we have what?—perhaps Thomas Wolfe, Farrell's Lonigan, and Sinclair's Lanny Budd. If we exclude Faulkner as *sui generis,* we cannot do so without noting that the coextensive nature of his Yoknapatawpha County, his creation of a matrix world into which he can plunge at any point, is the one path on which his imitators have not chosen to follow him. The same might be said of those who were influenced by Wolfe.

Our novelists tend to write enormous books but discontinuous ones. Whatever may be made of this, it is certain that the American writer's sense of acceptance is far more discontinuous than the Continental's; his reputation rises and falls with each book to a far greater degree, and even when established he cannot hope to have each successive book taken as part of a total work until very late in the day, often when his creative activity is almost over. Although he may know in his heart that he has only one theme, he must conceal this from himself, as well as from others, in some mask of newness each time, and he does not dare any such progression as Gide's, who unconcernedly wrote the same book again and again.



THE FRENCH, of course, have long since solved the question of what art may or may not deal with by refusing to see that the question exists. But the fact that the American novelist no longer worries over the content of art in any moral sense may have obscured the truth that he does worry over what subject matter is "proper" to it in a metaphysical sense. He is still propagandizing by selection, out of a feeling that a novel will be a better work of art if it not only "settles" something artistically but does it now. He wants the life he saves to be his own.

What this urgency does for him is by no means all bad. It may have produced that peculiar split in our fiction whereby we have hugely competent "realists" whose view of life is organized, entertaining, yet too opportunely glib, and an opposing breed of "literary" novelists working in beautifully polished bas-relief, in some savagely intense corner of adolescence, homosexuality, or racial sensibility. Yet it may also contribute to that primitive intensity of concern which does not fight shy of poetry,

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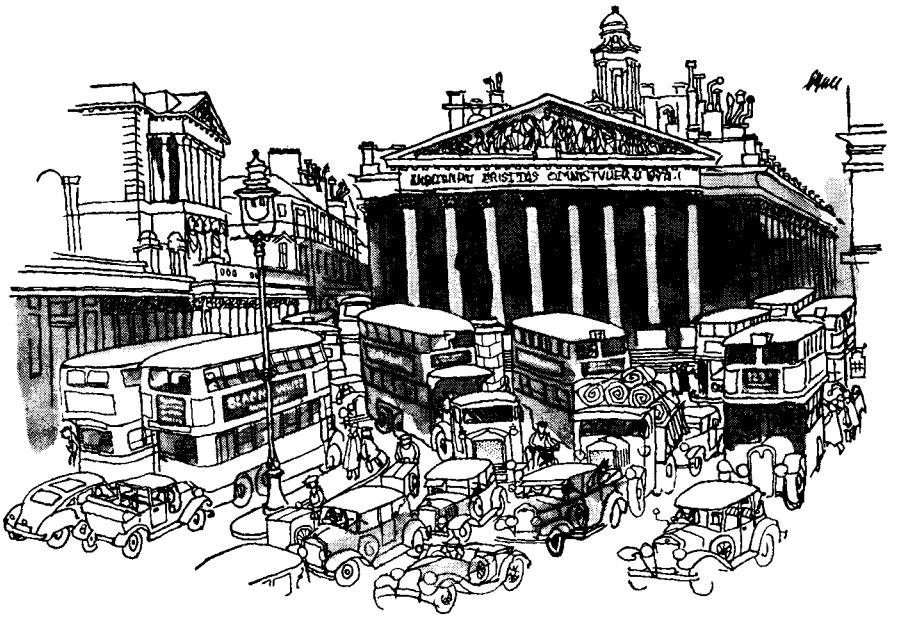
that basic ability to confront feeling which so often seems missing in our drier British brethren. We may learn a good deal about ourselves by studying our opposites, particularly in the work of a writer like Snow who, by very national habit, seems at times so much more at home in the novel than we are, and at others too much at home in a way that we might not care to be.

'Messages in the Air'

The Eliot sequence, so called after its narrator, now comprises six books of a projected ten or eleven, which will eventually be known under the general title of *Strangers and Brothers*—also the title of the book that inaugurated the series in 1940. After that came *The Light and the Dark* in 1947, *Time of Hope* in 1949, *The Masters* in 1951, *The New Men* in 1954, and the just-published *Homecoming* (Scribner's, $3.95). These dates bear no relation to their time sequence in Eliot's life, and several of the books share the same events, occasionally the same scenes word for word, but de-emphasized in one and developed at length in another.

Time of Hope is Eliot's account of his childhood in a Midland town, of his struggles as a poor young member of "the ragtag and bobtail" of the lower middle class, of his life while reading for the bar and as a pupil in chambers, of his love affair with the psychotic Sheila Knight, of their marriage, and of the beginnings of his friendship with George Passant, solicitor's clerk and provincial great man—the man of "cosmic faith" and complex weaknesses of whom Eliot says: "We parted on all the profound human questions—except one . . . though I could not for long think happily as he did of the human condition . . . I could not forget how robustly he stood by the side of his human brothers against the dark and the cold . . . when he hated them they were still men, men of flesh and bone . . . by choice he would not move a step away from the odor of man."

Covering the years 1905-1933, the "time of hope" is not only Eliot's but also that "great climacteric" of the middle 1920's, "when political hope, international hope was charging the air we breathed . . . Freud, D. H. Lawrence, Rutherford . . .



messages were in the air, and in our society we did not listen to their warnings."

Of the minor characters, Eliot's family, who do not reappear in the series, have the solid but stock reality of similar English novels of a man's youth. Others, like the Knights—Sheila's parents, and the barrister Getliffe who reappears elsewhere and in *Homecoming*—are brushed in (and out) with that combination of shadowiness clinched by a shrewd epigrammatism which became Snow's trademark and which gives rise to impatient denials of his ability to "create people." Although Snow is capable of amazingly trenchant side comment on women, this is a part of his ability to do the same for human beings in general. These are novels of a man's world, of that section of it, "Man in Committee" as it has been called, which Snow has made peculiarly his own. More often his women are faint blueprints, seemingly admitted only because for versimilitude one must have them. The one exception is Sheila (whose death is described in *Homecoming*), the most memorable character in the series. Perhaps this is so because the very fixity of an abnormal person coincides with Snow's method, which is one of repetition on an initially sounded note.

Themes and Antitheses

Time of Hope stands alone better than any of the others except *The Masters*, but, taken so, it has little of the power of such prototypes as *The Way of All Flesh* or *Of Human Bondage*. Reading it in the light of the later novels, however, one sees four main themes emerging, sometimes grouped in the antitheses of which Snow's titles show him to be so fond. First of these themes is friendship between men, which Snow treats as one of the basic emotions, in a way that is unique with him, even discounting its bases in English life. In an earlier novel, *The Search*, published in 1934 and unrelated to the series although embodying many of its themes, Snow said, "It seems a mistake that as literature grew more conscious it should draw back from the more complicated emotions: hunger and love and the fear of death are all very well in their way but they take up comparatively little of our time . . . the development of a . . . friendship such as ours might have occupied Proust in his more reflective moments."

The second theme is ambition, particularly the jockeying for place in the bureaucratic corners of a specialized modern world. Again from *The Search:* "love altered my life far less than did science or money. The desire for security (of which money can often be the symbol) decides much of our lives."

These two themes operate through the observer side of Eliot. Beneath these are two subdominant themes in Eliot's own psyche—his inability

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to open up emotionally and a recurrent motif of that dread of imminent disaster which attacks him on his way "home" anywhere. These last are weakly underlined and but latterly revealed. *Homecoming,* in which a resolution of them is attempted, is almost a demonstration of Snow's awareness of this—it is as if he is aware that his brilliant a posteriori expositions of human conduct *ought* to be underwritten by an emotional stratum.

THE FIRST novels vary the main themes. *Strangers and Brothers* develops the trial of George Passant, also mentioned in *Time of Hope,* and ends in 1933. *The Light and the Dark,* set in the college at Cambridge that gives Eliot a fellowship in 1934, is the story of his friendship with Roy Calvert, a meteoric young philologist Byronically doomed to sexual and academic successes nullified by melancholia. He is one of the many literary heroes who are not helped by the hero worship of their authors.

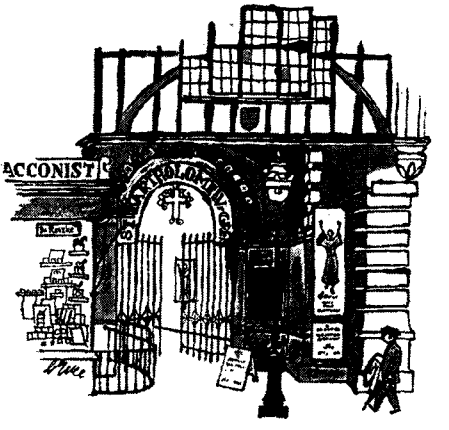
This brings the sequence to 1934. *The Masters,* touching a single event in *The Light and the Dark*—the approaching death of the master of Eliot's college—is a superb and well-known exposition of the maneuvers leading to the election of a new master. It stands well alone because of its focus, narrow as a "chase" novel, and because Snow's extraordinary knowledge of all the inflections of ambition is shown here at its height.

The New Men, circa 1939, dealing with the moral problems of a group of scientists working on the first atomic-energy project in England, attempts a similar circumscription of subject, but is flawed with imperturbably obscure references to other novels, some not written. (To be fair, Snow himself says that the series is intended to be read as a whole.) In *Homecoming,* the story of the death of Sheila and Eliot's marriage to Margaret, Snow reverts to the other themes: Eliot, chastened by an earlier affair with Margaret that had been ruined by his inability to "let people in," now seems on the way to finding an emotionally complete homecoming with her and their child.

Up to this point the focus of the sequence has never been clear—is Eliot to be observer only, or is it his story after all?—causing those critics who hail Snow as a modern Trollope to complain that his flat, "unimaginative" style won't stretch to even those faint reverberations of the untidier emotions he occasionally allows.

Observation and Reportage

With *Homecoming,* it seems clear that Snow's intent is to do both things, and that he does one immeasurably better than the other. In his chosen world of committees, common rooms, dons, and civil servants, he can speak for man in his public burrows with more expertise than anyone living; but for private



man, except in his friendships, he cannot "give out" any more than Eliot can. If the narrator is to be more than a lens, he must have sufficient personal force and clarity even if only of dilemma—to comprehend either as an individual or as a member of the human condition, or, with the greatest luck, as both. But Eliot in himself does not compel on either score. Where he functions as an observer the writing is everywhere remarkable, but where his personal life takes over—in, for instance, the account in *Homecoming* of his child's meningitis—there is never anything beyond painfully honest reportage.

The gap between these two streams of writing is constant, and is the reason why many of Snow's detractors cannot "see anything in him at all." Those who see only the second stream of writing find him tedious, which he can be, and even bogus, which he is only in comparison with his infinitely superior alter ego.

Snow's own life appears notably

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synchronous with his subject matter. The town in *Time of Hope,* and the group in it whose lower-middle-class ambitions have so much more precise class significance in England than here, might be drawn from his own Leicester; he has been a Fellow and Tutor at Christ's College, Cambridge, and a recruiter of scientific personnel during the war, and he is now a Civil Service Commissioner; there are indications in *Homecoming* that Louis Eliot will "write."

An Essayist *Manqué*

The autobiographical element in a writer's work is of more than oblique interest only when its transmutation seems incomplete. There are some who say that Snow would have done better to write in the third person. Certainly the rhythm of his mannerisms is now clear, and it is a rhythm that goes much deeper than "style." There are almost no scenes of confrontation in these novels, or when they appear they are of a vexing mildness. Snow's climaxes occur not between people but about them. His acute knowledge of human beings, seen throughout in scattered *pensées,* rises, usually in the last chapter of a book, to the conceptually phrased summings up in which some of his choicest writing lies. This is a writer whose affinity is neither with Trollope, as some critics would have it, nor with Proust, as it sometimes seems he himself would have it, but with writers like Pascal and Montaigne. These are novels of hindsight, of an essayist *manqué.*

For us, in our specific unease, he is a reminder that the writer of sufficient oddness and eccentricity will always be able to find some correlation to write about even in times as seemingly disparate or as culturally interlocked as ours, that he will always be able to pry some continuous theme out of a discontinuous world. Even to those who complain that novels ought not to be written as these are, Snow's work is a reminder that the best writers do as they choose, that choice is still possible, and that the novel, always capable of presenting one more front to the arrow, is likely to die only when prose itself does.

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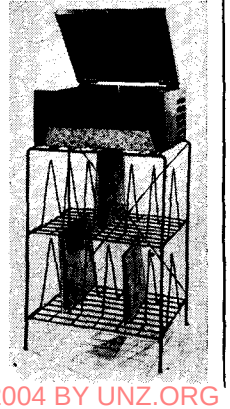

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How Stevenson Talks at Home

ROBERT BINGHAM

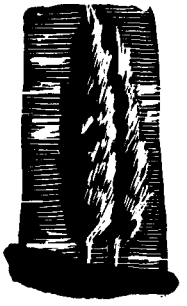
LAST JUNE an enterprising fellow named Arnold Michaelis packed up his tape recorder and took a trip out to Libertyville, Illinois, to have a chat with Adlai Stevenson. The result, an LP disk now available in record stores at $4.98, is to my mind just about the most persuasive utterance Stevenson has made so far in the campaign. Michaelis says he edited the best thirty-some minutes out of a three-hour unrehearsed conversation, but beyond that there was no electronic tinkering to dub in corrections of fluffs or improvements in rhetoric.

You cannot doubt him when you hear the record. The candidate's tone is low-pitched and matter-of-fact; the only oratorical pretension comes from Michaelis, whose pear-shaped vowels and radio announcer's diction seem occasionally to amuse the other man in the room. Dredging up what he considers a provocative quotation—"You may not be what you think you are, but what you *think*—you are!," Michaelis goes on to intone ominously, "Now, Governor, what do you think you are?" Stevenson chuckles. He then gives a perfectly adequate and modest answer, but what impressed me was the chuckle.

THE SURPRISE in the record, at least to me, was the sudden realization that Stevenson, after all, is a Midwesterner. There is a flat, nasal quality in his voice that seems to disappear when he gets before an audience. In private conversation Stevenson says "puhlitical" instead of "poh-litt-i-cal." When he remarks, "We who live here in Illinois, because it's flat and because it looks in all directions, we see and hear from all directions," he might be a county judge, but certainly not the darling of the Ivy League. And when he says, quite simply, "I love Illinois," you believe him.

Another revelation has to do with the word "egghead," which Stevenson has appeared to accept with enthusiasm as a proper description of himself, even though it has probably cost him more votes than it has won and even though, as this half hour of quiet talk makes quite clear, it is not entirely accurate. He doesn't use many big words in ordinary conversation, and when he makes you smile it is because of the quietness of his humor, not the brilliance of his wit.

Stevenson is not an intellectual in the sense of one who makes his living and finds his happiness only in the world of ideas. What he is—and it is



probably a much better thing for a Presidential candidate to be—is an intelligent, well-educated gentleman, who has read widely and who knows when and how to make use of ideas, but who makes his living and finds his happiness in the down-to-earth business of trying to get things done. "What a man knows at fifty that he did not know at twenty," in Stevenson's view, "is for the most part incommunicable." Your pure egghead would surely have more faith in the power of words to distill the meaning of experience.

DISCUSSING the kind of candidates for public office we need today, Stevenson concludes: "I'd say that even almost more fundamental than imagination and vision is the quality of character, just character, just this capacity to be brave in the pinches."

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U. S. Wars: Evolution Since the Revolution

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

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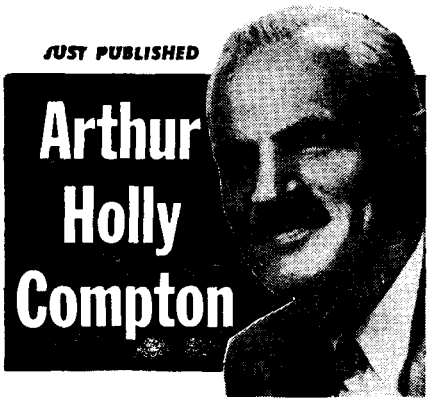

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and food supplies. The chapter on "The Managerial Revolution" deals with the development of American sea power and the adoption of the general-staff system by which the Army and Navy organized themselves so that they were able to cope with the First World War and later with the training, command, and supply of armies numbering millions.

Previous authors have dealt only with parts of the field, which should have been examined as a whole. Too many of them had a certain bias, since they were predominantly military men who were arguing a thesis of one kind or another. But Mr. Millis has made his study with a full appreciation of the economic, social, and political factors that affect all military issues. Consequently, his examination of early military policy is completely fresh and contributes an understanding of events that often have seemed incomprehensible.

The remainder of the book deals with recent times under the headings of "The Mechanization of War," concerning the First World War; "The Scientific Revolution" of the Second World War; "The Hypertrophy of War," describing the expansion of war into a colossus that passes far beyond the question of defense and becomes a problem "of the whole meaning, effect and function of war in a civilized society": and, finally, a chapter on "The Future of War."

Cavalry vs. Armor

The military does not come off very well at times. At the end of the First World War, the Army had 23,105 tanks on order, but only twenty-six had been completed. The Tank Corps was abolished by the National Defense Act of 1920 and the Infantry inherited a stock of about 1,100 obsolete tanks. This was the tank force for more than ten years, but it was not organized into large formations. Instead the tanks were used in close support of infantry.

In 1930 General Charles P. Summerall ordered a tank force assembled. Not surprisingly, suitable equipment was lacking, so that trucks doubled as tanks for experimental purposes. The Cavalry fought the idea of a tank force, fearing it might hasten the elimination of the horse. As a result of this long fight against tanks, when the Second World War broke out the greatest industrial nation in the world had only one "Cavalry Brigade (Mechanized)." This, in Mr. Millis's words, was "an awkward and feeble conglomeration of light tanks, armored cars, infantry borne in undefended half-tracks and an artillery composed of 75-mm. mountain howitzers towed by trucks." It required the lessons of the German success in Poland with tank divisions to start the United States building the tank forces that ultimately accounted for our great successes in Europe.

The history of the Army Air Corps and the Air Force, as Mr. Millis gives it, is similarly instructive.

How Democracy Is Affected

The effect of such secret policymaking bodies as the National Security Council and the Central Intelligence Agency is developed. In discussing the future of war, Mr. Millis declares: "If today a group of men of the intellectual caliber of the Philadelphia Convention were summoned to prepare a new Constitution, they could hardly meet the problems of war and military organization with the freedom and simplicity employed by the statesmen of 1789. . . . More precise answers would have to be found as to the nature, the extent and the locus of the war-making power. . . . It might be thought wise to put some limitations on the power of the administrative bureaucracy to shield its policies and operations behind the secrecy of military 'security.' . . . In the name of military security we had done much more. We had expanded the Federal Bureau of Investigation into a secret political police of wide-ranging power, under tenuous control—something that would certainly have horrified even the most conservative authors of the Constitution. We had cloaked the operations of the Executive branch of the government in veils of secrecy unknown to any previous epoch in our history."

IN SUM, anyone who is interested in where we are heading militarily or what is happening to our democracy along the way had better read Mr. Millis's book.

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The Brave Tourists And the Bulls

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

FIESTA IN PAMPLONA. Text by Dominique Aubier. Photographs by Inge Morath and others. *Universe Books. $10.*

It may be surprising, but there were many Americans who crossed the frontier from France into Spain—a long time ago between the wars—and who went to the bullfight week in Pamplona even before Hemingway told them about it in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). Before venturing into Spain they sat at café tables in Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz and did their homework. They read the bullfight critics in the local French papers who reported the fights at San Sebastián just across the frontier. They acquired the vocabulary. They found out that the man who kills the bull is a matador and is a toreador only in "Carmen"; they learned that there are brave (stupid) bulls, and dangerous (crosseyed) bulls, and bulls who act as if they were American bulls, ignorant of the rules, and that the closer a matador draws a bull to him the better. But in the old days the American tourists who came to Pamplona were awkward and embarrassed. That is how it was; that is how it should be.

They sat at café tables in the old town and they drank to keep up their courage. They saw all the sights that this book of photographs so magnificently reproduces. The young people danced in the narrow streets and in the square before the church. Shepherds came in from the barren hills and played their tunes. When the time came, the bulls were driven through the narrow streets of the town to the bull ring. They cantered along, bewildered. In front of them ran the brave young men of the town. Every so often a brave bull would sprint after a brave young man and just when the bull would catch up the young man would lie down in the gutter and play dead. If it could possibly manage to, the bull would avoid stepping on him. It was a dangerous race in which the winner was the young man who took no lead but stayed just in advance of the bulls. The tourists watched from behind the barricades with the cheering women and children. That was the sensible way to watch it.

Then there was the bullfight itself. At this late date it is extremely unnecessary to describe.

Age of Innocence

In those days the tourists were tourists—not *aficionados*—and it is a surprising thing that they seem now so admirable. They watched the bullfight. They were revolted when the padding on the horses did not work right and the horses' bowels would hang down to the ground; the banderillas were fun, but the tourists were not particularly happy when the bull died and the mule team hitched to the carcass dragged it out. But the tourists could and did admire the matador's grace and skill. There was no question about his courage, no matter how far the picadors had worn down the bull, and there was not a tourist in the arena who could say at home we could do it better, or if you put Red Grange in there that would be something.

The tourists saw a spectacle, and for many of them it was more exciting than the Moulin Rouge, or a Romanesque portal, or the horse race in Siena, or the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. The French they love the bicycle race over their mountains and across their plains, the tourists said, and the Spanish they dance without holding onto the girl; they hold their arms outstretched—a man will be happy dancing all by himself—and they love their bullfights. It's their business, the tourists said, and they were right.

The Hemingway Ritual

Hemingway ruined the tourists. *The Sun Also Rises* was enough to do it

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but he wanted to make sure, and so there was *Death in the Afternoon*—fine, brave books. But they led the tourists into the depths of the Spanish soul and the tourists drowned. The tourists yielded to a perverse invitation to intrude into a pseudo-religious mystery. Kodaks could not photograph myths—a camera cannot swoon—and so the tourists stopped just looking at the bullfights in Pamplona; they were induced instead to gaze, fascinated, at something that now was proclaimed the supreme ritual of life and death. It was no longer a question of liking a bullfight or not; the matador had become a priest and the tourists had to look up in mythology to find out whether Mithras was a bull or a god whom the priest was serving. The disemboweled horses were some kind of sacrificial offering; the Spaniards, even when they were throwing bottles at the matador, were insulting their own reflected cowardice. When they awarded the bull's ear or tail or what not, to the conqueror, they were fulfilling their own desires, acclaiming their own bravery. Further elaboration of this ritual would bring in the word "dignity" more often than the reader would be likely to endure.

One would have thought that the French would manage to stay out of the mess. But no. Here is a Frenchwoman, Dominique Aubier, up to her neck in it: ". . . the matador, demi-god in the flesh, dressed with light like Apollo . . . if African magicians are fire-eaters, matadors are death-eaters . . . death cannot die," and more gibberish.

By the time the Spanish Civil War came along the bullfights had brought the tourists—all non-Spaniards were tourists—into line. The war, too, was Spain's business, but the tourists, persuaded the Spanish did nothing that was not concerned with some god or other, or with life and death and dignity, were caught up in the war as they had learned to be caught up in the bullfight. Americans, British, and French, Italians, Germans, and Russians, jumped or were pushed into the ring—*aficionados* and mercenaries. The rest of the tourists remained in their seats wallowing in vicarious emotion.

Book Notes

Farmers at the Crossroads, by Ezra Taft Benson, as told to Carlisle Bargeron. *Devin-Adair. $2.50.*

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, whose "agricultural testament" has reached the public twenty-six days before the election, does not once consider in the whole of his book the food needs of the rest of the world. He is preoccupied only with reducing our production, and never suggests that more imaginative programs might make our surpluses an asset to be used in the hungry two-thirds of the world.

Mr. Bargeron tells us in his introduction that the young Ezra was "a clean-cut young man" about whom "the future Mrs. Benson thought a lot." The dust jacket gives us a picture of the Benson family, with four of the five wholesome-looking lady members clad in dungarees, and daughter Flora Beth in shorts.

The Lost Steps, by Alejo Carpentier. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis. *Knopf. $3.75.*

The author of this brilliant novel is a widely traveled and widely read Cuban. In the original Spanish version of *The Lost Steps* he quotes English poetry; in this excellent translation, he quotes French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek. He is a musicologist, and analyzes symphony scores. He has taught the history of culture, and refers to Greek, Mayan, Aztec, and Oriental myths. He has studied architecture, and dislikes the architecture of the modern metropolis. The one thing Mr. Carpentier seems not to have learned in his travels and reading is that the novelist today is considerably more certain of success if he conceals all evidence of a personal culture. He may never quote; he may never editorialize; he may speak only through his characters—and it is all for the best if they discover what every schoolboy knows, including the dirt. It is to be hoped that Mr. Carpentier will keep on breaking the rules. It is a delight to encounter so well-furnished a mind.

The nameless narrator in *The Lost Steps* lives in a great city and is bored. He has lost his will to work as a musician. Mr. Carpentier elaborates on the theme of boredom—a perilous thing for an author to do at the start of a book: One can overpersuade the reader. Soon, but just in time, this hapless neurotic departs in search of primitive musical instruments said to be still employed by natives living in an unexplored Andean wilderness. In South America he is greeted by a futile, ridiculous, aimless revolution in which, however, men fight and die, so that it is just as unpleasant and as dignified as when they fight and die in explained and organized wars between nations. The streets of the old town recall memories of the narrator's youth. The passage in which he speaks of them recalls—to use the author's technique—the provincial poems of Francis Jammes, the quiet cadences of Samain or Verlaine.

Upriver, the narrator finds his musical instruments, and desires to remain with the natives who play them. He goes home, of course, but not before providing a remarkably beautiful meditation on the forests, the rivers, the barren mountains, and the men, survivors of pre-history, bearers of ancient myths, who live in this hidden land.

The Looking-Glass Conference, by Godfrey Blunden. *Vanguard. $3.75.*

Here is a facile *roman à clef* on the 1954 Geneva Conference—the one where Indo-China was partitioned and Secretary Dulles left in a huff. Mr. Dulles (Joseph Foggbottom) is risibly recognizable, as are Eden, Molotov, Bidault, Chou, and Menon (Rt. Hon. Albion Asp, Yefin P. Golikov, Pierre Pion, J'o Wow, and Mr. Yogi Menase, respectively). News pundit Seldon Ponder and Senator Sinner, interested observers who influence the principals, are composites at least vaguely familiar to *Reporter* readers, as are Ngo Dam Dimh and Nguyen Ad Hoc, the Premiers of the warring regions of Khaos. Varnaman Supergong, the idealist Bao Dai might have been, is fictional, and one hopes that the blonde girl reporter is too.

It's all undeniably clever in the *South Wind* manner; but Mr. Blunden, with his wayward spelling and obtrusive excursions into verse, is not quite Norman Douglas, nor is Dienbienphu Capri.

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